[redacted] The Nation

[redacted], THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1915

Summary of the News

Forecasts of the German reply to the American note of June 9 agree in the impression that it will be moderate in tone, and will suggest definite concessions to the American point of view in regard to the conduct of Germany's submarine warfare. It seems to be generally agreed that the note has already been drafted and has been submitted for consideration to the German Admiralty. It is not expected, however, that it will be ready for transmission until some time next week. Confidential dispatches from Ambassador Gerard were received at the State Department on Monday which are said to confirm the general tone of the forecasts of the note cabled by correspondents from Berlin. It is understood, however, that the Ambassador's dispatch contained a statement that the German Government would submit counter-proposals to the suggestions made by the American Government, and it is generally surmised that these proposals will be based on the German contention that passengers should not be permitted to travel on ships carrying arms and ammunition to the Allies.

The suppression, to which we referred last week, of the *Tageszeitung* of June 21, on account of an article by the fire-eating Count von Reventlow, has also been regarded as a favorable sign of the attitude of the German Government. The importance of the bearing of this incident on the negotiations with the United States may, however, be easily overrated, since it appears that if Count von Reventlow's counsels in regard to the American note were the reverse of moderate, the article which caused the suppression of the paper also contained a scarcely veiled attack on Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. Nevertheless, the attitude of Count von Reventlow has called forth severe criticism in the more moderate section of the German press, notably in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The *Tageszeitung* resumed publication on June 24, signalling its reappearance with an extraordinary article by Count von Reventlow, in which President Wilson was accused of having "closed the Panama Canal to shipping trade in order that transportation of ammunition and other war materials from eastern harbors of the United States to Vladivostok, for increasing the Russian fighting strength, shall not suffer interruption." We comment in our editorial columns on the possible significance of the suspension on June 26 of the Socialist *Vorwärts* for having published an appeal for peace.

Two other diplomatic communications of the past week are the subject of comment in our editorial columns. The text of the memorandum from the British Government, dated June 22, explaining the treatment accorded to American commerce in pursuance of the provisions of the Order in Council to restrict trade with Germany and Austria, was published in the morning papers of June 25. On Tuesday was published the text of the note, dated June 24, addressed by Secretary of State Lansing to Ambassador Gerard for presentation to the German Government, and replying to the German note of June 7 in regard to the sinking of the William P. Frye. The latest American note disputes the German view that the Frye case may properly be dealt with in the Hamburg Prize Court, and contends that the demand of the United States is for an indemnity, on account of the violation of a treaty, not for an indemnity in accordance with a treaty.

Official announcement of the appointment of Robert Lansing as Secretary of State was made by the President on June 23.

On June 24 New York celebrated the 250th anniversary of the establishment of Manhattan as a municipality, with a Mayor and a Board of Aldermen.

Dispatches from Peking on Monday revealed the fact that in the middle of May, during the crisis between China and Japan, an identical warning had been conveyed to both countries that the United States would not recognize any agreement which impaired American rights in China or endangered the policy of the "open door."

There has been no appreciable change in the situation in Mexico, but anxiety was expressed in Washington on Tuesday on account of the fact that no word had been received from Mexico City for a week. Gen. Victoriano Huerta stepped once more into the fierce light of publicity when it became known on Saturday that he had left his home on Long Island and was on his way to El Paso. The confidential agency of the Villa Government in Washington notified the State Department of the reported movement of Huerta and of former military chiefs and officials of his Government towards the Mexican frontier, with the result that on his arrival at a wayside station a little way out from El Paso Huerta was arrested by a United States Deputy Marshal on a charge of violating section 10 of the Penal Code. Gen. Huerta is at liberty under bond, and protests that his intentions have been entirely misunderstood.

The activities of the ex-Secretary of State continue. On the night of June 24 he addressed a plea for peace to a meeting, principally composed of people of German origin, at Madison Square Garden, at which he was welcomed by the presiding officer to "this German atmosphere." To a similar atmosphere in Chicago, apparently, Mr. Bryan was not so welcome, since a meeting of the "Sons of the Teutons" which he was to have addressed on Monday night was postponed, the reason being, according to dispatches from Chicago on Tuesday, that, whereas Mr. Bryan desired to speak on peace, his audience wished to hear about the export of ammunition. Elsewhere we take note of Mr. Bryan's statement, published in Monday's papers, in regard to the wrong impression which he has been alleged to have given Ambassador Dumba of the attitude of the Administration towards the sinking of the Lusitania. The general reception accorded to Mr. Bryan's statement by the press suggests that he has explained either too much or too little.

An important announcement, outlining the policy to be pursued by the British Government to insure an adequate supply of munitions was made by Mr. Lloyd George in the House of Commons on June 23.

The French Chamber of Deputies on June 25, by a vote of 492 to 1, and after a debate in which the Socialists pledged their unqualified support in carrying on the war, passed the bill appropriating 5,600,000,000 francs to cover national expense for the three months beginning July 1.

It was announced on June 28 that Herbert C. Hoover, chairman of the American Commission for Relief in Belgium, had concluded an agreement with Gen. von Bissing, Military Governor of Belgium, providing that the wheat and rye crops in the occupied territory should be reserved for civilian consumption.

Dispatches from South Africa of June 26 told of the conviction for treason of Gen. Barend Wessels, ex-member of the Union Defence Council. Gen. Wessels was sentenced to five years' imprisonment and to pay a fine of $5,000. At the same time two members of the Legislature were each sentenced to imprisonment for four years.

Considerable excitement has been caused by the alleged interview of a French journalist, Louis Latapie, with Pope Benedict, which was published in *La Liberté* on June 21 and cabled to American papers of the following day. That the interview could hardly be taken as correctly representing the utterances of the Pope appeared obvious, and for that reason we refrained from commenting on it last week. What may presumably be regarded as the official explanation of the Vatican has now been published, in the form of an interview with Cardinal Pietro Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, in the *Corriere d'Italia* of June 28, summarized in the American papers of Tuesday. According to Cardinal Gasparri, M. Latapie was guilty of many inaccuracies and misrepresentations, and broke a promise which he had given not to publish anything without previous authorization.

Whether the relaxation of activity by German submarines during the past two weeks represents the normal period of "respite, respite from Nepenthe," which succeeds strenuous days, or whether, as may be hoped, it indicates an intention on the part of Germany to moderate her submarine warfare, the relaxation has, at any rate, been notable. Since we wrote last week, only twelve vessels have been reported sunk, of which seven were British fishing boats, one a Norwegian steamer, and the other four British ships. It is noteworthy that in one case, that of the Norwegian mail steamer Venus, recorded on June 23, the vessel was stopped at the order of the commander of the submarine, and was allowed to proceed after the greater part of the cargo had been thrown overboard.

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The Week

Secretary Lansing's reply to the German note in relation to our demand for damages for the sinking of the William P. Frye by the Prinz Eitel Friedrich is a model of lucidity and directness. The issue does not turn on any broad or indefinite considerations of humanity, or any complex definitions of international law. The most vital point involved is as to whether the German cruiser had a right, in any circumstances, to destroy the American merchant ship. The Treaty of 1799 between Prussia and the United States, says the German note, "reserves to the party at war the right to stop the carrying of contraband and to detain the contraband; it follows, then, that if it cannot be accomplished in any other way, the stopping of the supply may be in the extreme case effected by the destruction of the contraband and of the ship carrying it." But this "follows" only under a view of military necessity which, though extremely familiar in Germany, is not elsewhere regarded as self-evident; and it happens, fortunately for Secretary Lansing's case, that the treaty expressly provides that the neutral vessel stopped for contraband shall not even "be carried into port, nor further detained" if she will "deliver out the goods supposed to be contraband."

It should be remembered that what actually happened in the case of the Frye was that her wheat was not being thrown overboard (even with the assistance of the crew of the German cruiser) fast enough to suit the commander of the Eitel Friedrich; and it is to the undesirability, and possible danger, to that cruiser of any avoidable delay that the German Foreign Minister had reference in speaking of its being impossible to "detain the contraband . . . in any other way" than by the destruction of the vessel carrying it. In the first German note on the Frye case, that of April 4, there is a somewhat more specific reference to the point. "It was not possible," said that note, "for the auxiliary cruiser to take the prize into a German port without involving danger to its own security or the success of its operations." Into the logic of this plea, Secretary Lansing does not enter. How far one might be carried if one were to admit that any means of attaining an object is permissible to the commander of a warship which may be necessary in order to avoid danger "to the success of its operations," it requires no great amount of imagination to realize. But Secretary Lansing's point is that what is here involved is the interpretation of a treaty, and that this is a subject for diplomatic settlement and not for the decision of a German prize court. As for "other claims of neutral and enemy interested parties," our Government, says Mr. Lansing, "does not perceive the necessity for postponing the settlement of the present claim pending the consideration of those other claims by the prize court."

Mr. Bryan's denial that he gave the Austrian Ambassador, and through him Berlin, the impression that the President's demands on Germany were not seriously meant, is one of those denials which unwittingly admit the basis of the charge. No one supposes that the Secretary of State committed himself, much less this Government, in the imprudent way alleged. But he did have an informal conversation with Dr. Dumba. And it is clear that from it the Austrian Ambassador got the idea that the Washington Government would not be averse to applying Mr. Bryan's notions to the Lusitania case. In fact, it was stated at the time of the German reply that Berlin thought it had done a clever thing in proposing a long investigation of the affair. It would be very awkward, it was said, for Mr. Bryan to decline the suggestion. Of course, this may have been only what is called, though not in diplomacy, "taking a chance." And it is reasonable to infer that it was based upon Mr. Bryan's free talk with the Austrian Ambassador. What probably occurred was nothing like an official undertaking by the Secretary, but a little peace oration by him which Dr. Dumba misunderstood, or to which he assigned more importance than it really had. No matter exactly what passed in the interview, we have another cause of relief at the change in the Department of State. That is no place for an impulsive and effusive man who mistakes an Ambassador for a public meeting.

Mr. Bryan gave every sign last Thursday night at Madison Square Garden of being extremely happy at having laid down the cares of office. He had a vast and applauding audience to address, and that alone was enough to warm the cockles of his heart. But more than this, in order to make his happiness complete, he has again got a selfish, subsidized, and wicked "interest" arrayed against him. It is the press of New York, to which he paid his respects as he used to pay them to gold-bug capitalism. Well, the New York newspapers are all miserable sinners, but in this matter they are

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the war zone. There is a naïve contradiction, however, between the statements that the figures may "not seem especially large in comparison with the gigantic number of merchant ships flying the flag of the enemy," and that "the rise of prices, and the paralyzing of great branches of trade that could not occur in an England that really ruled the sea, may be attributed in chief part to this war of the submarines." The total of British shipping in 1914 was about 22,000,000 tons, so that the loss from submarines amounts to little more than 1 per cent. of the whole. That this would paralyze "great branches of trade" is preposterous. Another fruitful comparison is of the loss with the annual additions to the British merchant marine. In 1913 these approached within a few tons of two millions, and in 1914 within a few tons of 1,750,000. If the submarines maintain their activity, and no effective means is found of combating them, they may in one year cause Great Britain to lose half as great a tonnage as she has built within that time. This is hardly likely to cause in English economic life, in the words of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "phenomena similar to those which the English plan for the isolation of Germany aims at."

On the basis of current prices of food, as recorded in official German publications, a writer in the *Westminster Gazette* has calculated that twenty principal articles of consumption in March of the present year show an increase of 49.4 per cent. over a year before. Bread and meat showed an increase ranging from 74 per cent. for rye bread, 72 per cent. for lard, 71 per cent. for eggs, through 58 per cent. for bacon, 44 per cent. for pork, about 10 per cent. for mutton and beef, to an actual decrease of 2 per cent. for veal. But the rise in potatoes was 180 per cent., peas 200 per cent., lentils 174 per cent., and beans 182 per cent. In other words, the food of the poorer classes, which on the Continent comprises a small ratio of meat, had risen anywhere from nearly double to three times the cost of a year ago. Since February, according to the writer in the *Westminster*, there has been another rise of 5 per cent. in the general level, so that food in Berlin to-day would be 55 per cent. dearer than it was in the spring of 1914. In Vienna the increase has been still more marked, though certain commodities, like potatoes, show a smaller increase than in Berlin. That the Teutonic nations are not the only sufferers by the war, however, is well known. In England, according to the *Manchester Guardian*, there has been a rise of about 40 per cent. in the price of meat and 25 per cent. for fish.

Secretary McAdoo's attempt to throw dust about the emphatic vote of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States against any plan of Federal ship-ownership will mislead no one. "The referendum," he states, "was so prepared that no vote was taken upon the plan proposed in the last Congress to have the Government subscribe stock in a corporation which was to operate ships." He goes on to say that there is a wide difference between the Government's holding and operating ships and the Government's becoming such a stockholder in a private corporation. What a mild measure this retrospective view makes of the Ship Purchase bill! Its much-altered provisions were always wrapped in a haze of mystery, but no one before ever thought that its plan for the creation of a holding corporation, in which the Government was to subscribe for a majority of the stock, was tantamount to much less than governmental operation. One part of the referendum, moreover, related to a plan which has clear elements of relationship even to that stated by Secretary McAdoo. Asked if they favored Government ownership of vessels to be leased to private parties or companies, 711 commercial bodies answered in the negative, and 54 in the affirmative—a more decisive vote than that against full purchase and operation by Government. It is clear that these bodies must have felt towards the actual Shipping bill as did the New York and other associations of merchants which sent in protests at the time it was pending. Their heavy vote for a Federal Shipping Board to report to Congress on the navigation laws demonstrates the sentiment for repeal of the present onerous shipping legislation.

It was felt all along that the La Follette Seamen's act would operate against American shipping with greater severity on the Pacific than on the Atlantic Ocean; but the announced intention of the Robert Dollar Company to transfer its boats to the British flag, with Vancouver as a terminus, may seem ominous for others. Are we to expect shifting of transatlantic trade from New York and Boston to Montreal, Quebec, and Halifax? On the Pacific Coast the alternative seems outright sale or British-Canadian registry; and here, too, the effect of the new provisions of the law may be found advantageous to the Dominion. The Department of Commerce, always tacitly hostile to the new measure, is reported now to have an expert commission at work ascertaining its effects, and to have an understanding with the Administration that the findings of this body will receive Congressional attention. No one in shipping circles believes that the action of the Dollar and Pacific Mail lines is insincere or the result of anything but absolute necessity. Their refusal to attempt competition with foreign lines after November 2 next, even under war conditions that mean high freight rates, should convince the Department that nothing less than repeal of at least the clauses as to language and percentage of able seamen will save our merchant marine.

In the obscure and usually uninspiriting pages of the Record of the Constitutional Convention, that has been sitting at Albany, there lies buried a gem of patriotic eloquence which ought to be shedding its rays upon all the people of this commonwealth. How the president and members of the Convention could reconcile themselves to the cold formality of referring to a committee the question of its being put into general circulation, we cannot understand. Yet that is the proceeding that was adopted when Mr. Thomas F. Smith, having presented the memorial of the Society of Tammany or Columbian Order, asked that it be printed as a document. There was one member, indeed, with soul so dead as to move that a copy of the memorial be sent to the Committee on the Relations of the State to the Indians; and the president of the Convention, instead of rebuking this shocking levity, stated that those copies of the Record which are distributed to the Indian tribes would suffice to convey the memorial. These gentlemen may think it very amusing to poke fun at the Tammany sachems; but is such ridicule of the loftiest sentiments to pass without remonstrance? Not if we can help it. See, for example, what the patriots and sages of Tammany have to say on the proposal of an appointive judiciary:

> In the undisguised effort being made to deprive our citizens of the right to be judged by judges of their own selection, we perceive an inevitable return to the days of Jeffreys—those black and despairing times when a favored sycophant passed upon the life and liberty of the masses, at the behest of the power which had selected him to wreak its private vengeance. Substitute for a Jeffreys an unscrupulous attorney selected by an insidious and powerful combination of money and monopoly, the greatest menace of modern society, and you have a possibility of injustice and tyranny which will all too soon ripen into a probability.

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Such burning words ought to set the people into a flame of indignation; but instead of that we find—in "this otherwise Excelsior State," to quote a happy phrase of the Tammany memorial—an unaccountable disposition to treat the whole thing as a joke.

Existence of an almost State-wide machinery for the corruption of municipal elections in Indiana is indicated by the indictment of Committeeman Taggart, Mayor Bell of Indianapolis, and 126 others for ballot offences in Marion County. Two months ago the Mayor of Terre Haute and certain associates were sent to prison for frauds in the same election of November 3, 1914; in Goshen and Elkhart city officials have just been indicted for various offences; in Rockville a court has been sitting upon election frauds in Vigo County; and it is predicted that the present investigation, centring in Indianapolis, will reveal trails leading to Evansville and Gary. It has already been established that repeaters and other "workers" were exchanged last autumn between the capital and Terre Haute. In all this it is hard to hold any one party responsible, for the indictments have included Democrats, Republicans, and Progressives. Inter-partisan combinations, however, have doubtless been made easy by the existence of corrupt party organizations, and it is pleasing to see the investigation reach leaders in the ranks of Taggart and Fairbanks. If it is pushed to completion it may show the ramifications of an intricate web of political intrigue, and deliver the State from iniquities that have been admitted but unpunished for decades. The Terre Haute prosecution was vigorously pushed by Federal authorities; in conducting that at Indianapolis, the State officers have an opportunity to exhibit equal zeal.

The arraignment of Judge Lindsey in the Colorado criminal courts is so certain to set far-reaching precedents affecting juvenile courts that his defence will be followed with wide interest. The matter has arisen from the trial of a Denver woman for the murder of her husband—a murder to which she at first confessed. Within a few days after her arrest, her son of twelve came forward with the story that it was he who had shot the drunken husband, and that his mother had assumed the blame because she was a consumptive with but a short time to live. Judge Lindsey—with what end in view is not clear—examined the boy confidentially in the Children's Court. When the District Attorney attempted to make him repeat the boy's statement before the jury, Judge Lindsey protested that the communication was privileged, that the principle of the Juvenile Court was to lead delinquents to confess their own misdeeds, but to discourage them from turning State's evidence, and that in a case involving the life of the child's mother the introduction of testimony by the child under such circumstances would be outrageous. He was forced to tell the story, but the mother was acquitted, and he is now indicted as a conniver at perjury. The *Outlook*, which reviews the case, hints that politics is again back of the attack. The legal side may be perplexing; but the moral issue seems clearly defined.

Whether Carlyle's remark about the true university being a collection of books be accepted or not, the heart of any educational institution is its library. The dedication of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard on Thursday of last week will have attracted small attention beside the boat-races which closed the week on the Thames, but for generations it will be regarded as one of the important dates in the history of the University. Architecturally, the building will take its place with the Low Memorial Library at Columbia and the Harper Memorial Library at Chicago University. In its elaborate arrangement, its equipment with every device that science and ingenuity can invent for the convenience of teacher and student, there is, as Senator Lodge stated, "no university and scarcely any State or nation" which can show its equal. Its nucleus of rarely valuable volumes will at once invest its newness with tradition and atmosphere. Harvard's collection of two million books and pamphlets has been one of the greatest in America—nearly three times as large, for example, as Columbia's; and scattered among a number of buildings, imperative reasons of economy and efficiency demanded that it have an adequate housing. Aside from this, however, there should be an immense sentimental satisfaction to all friends of a university founded by a gift of books in seeing its library cherished beyond other branches of the institution.

The Italian campaign since the occupation of Monfalcone, on the way to Triest, has made little progress, and the recent official dispatches from Rome speak of the assumption of the offensive by the Austrians. It would certainly seem odd that thus early in the campaign, without any serious reverse to Italian arms reported from any capital, and after long months of preparation by Italy, the initiative should be surrendered to Austria at a time when her main armies are so busily employed in Galicia. Consequently, there may be more truth in the Italian statement that the purpose of the campaign is to let the Austrians wear themselves out in attack than usually attaches to such statements. Caution is the keynote to Italy's movements. In the Tyrol her armies must refrain from shattering themselves against the mountain fortifications. On the Isonzo the battles must be those of artillery. In the meanwhile the full fighting strength of Italy is in the course of development. Nor is it at all improbable that, as has been reported during the past few days, behind a forcible demonstration on her northern frontier, Italy may be gathering an army for service in the Dardanelles, where the Allies still stand to win a greater prize than they can obtain anywhere else by a similar effort.

The new Austro-German objective after Lemberg is apparently Warsaw once more. This would amount to a renewal of the Austrian campaign at the beginning of the war. It will be recalled that the first Austrian movement was an invasion of southern Poland east of the Vistula. It began with an Austrian success at Krasnik, in the province of Lublin, in the last week of August, but was shattered by the Russian victory further to the south at Rawa Ruska, which compelled a precipitate Austrian retreat from Poland. To-day the Teuton armies are in a position to renew the attack in more formidable strength. The ultimate purpose would be to strike north into Poland east of the Vistula and so threaten the fortresses of Ivangorod and Warsaw from the rear. And it is not unlikely, as is now stated from Petrograd, that the failure of the Russians to hold up the Teuton drive in Galicia may have been due in part to a recognition by the Russian General Staff that such reinforcements as were available might be better employed to guard the positions on the Vistula than to attempt the desperate task of facing the Austro-Germans in Galicia. What the near future may see, therefore, is the pressing forward of a huge Teuton encircling movement against Warsaw from the line of the Narew on the north, from the Bzura, the Rawka, and the hills of Lysa Gora to the west, and from the Galician border to the southeast.

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THE ENGLISH BLOCKADE.

In transmitting the latest note of the British Government to that of the United States, Ambassador Page justly remarks that "it is not an answer to the principles set forth" in our Government's protest of March 30. What we have is, rather, a routine account of the steps taken to meet the complaints of American shippers, and to reduce to a minimum the hardships caused to neutral commerce by the English blockade of German ports. As such, the British statement is both friendly and reasonably satisfactory. No one can read it without seeing that the English authorities have been anxious to do as little injury to our trade as was consistent with their main and lawful military object. They have modified their original orders, to our advantage. They have made concessions, on one point and another, and have sought to expedite the settlement of disputed cases in the prize courts, or by private agreement. They have paid more than $2,250,000 to American claimants, and are ready to pay more as soon as the details can be arranged. The net showing is that, at present, only three American ships are detained in British ports, pending inquiry as to "suspicious consignments." The others have been allowed to go forward, or to discharge their cargoes for which the English Government has made full payment.

If this were the whole case, the British Government would be entitled to argue that its conduct had been such as to give no "substantial grievance" to American citizens. But we have an interest which runs beyond the mere procedure of English prize courts, or the buying of our cotton cargoes, or the arrangements to let German goods, purchased by our importers before the blockade was established, come through. All this is well enough and gratifying enough, in its way, but there remains the question of those "principles" to which Ambassador Page referred. This was clearly raised by our Government, both before and after the English blockade was declared. On December 26, the Department of State instructed Mr. Page to communicate to Sir Edward Grey the fact that "this Government is reluctantly forced to the conclusion that the present policy of His Majesty's Government towards neutral ships and cargoes exceeds the manifest necessity of a belligerent and constitutes restrictions upon the rights of American citizens on the high seas which are not justified by the rules of international law." This, of course, was before the establishment of the blockade, when it was merely a matter of visiting and searching neutral vessels. It was doubtless the protests of our Government, along with other neutral nations, which in part led to the final decision of England to announce and maintain an effective blockade. But even after that was done, our Government made earnest representations to the British authorities. We did not question the right to declare a blockade. That it might be established in an unusual form, on account of the changes in modern warfare, we freely conceded, so long as it remained effective. But our Department of State strongly objected to a blockade which might become, in reality, a blockade of "many neutral ports and coasts," and insisted that, blockade or no blockade, nothing should be allowed to interfere with the "general practice," under which "innocent shipments may be freely transported to and from the United States through neutral countries to belligerent territory without being subject to the penalties of contraband traffic or breach of blockade."

That was, and still is, the chief point at issue. It is not so simple as some pretend. There can, of course, be no blockade of neutral ports. But when it comes to the question of stopping ships bound for neutral countries whose "destination" is really, or is suspected to be, a belligerent country, we get into a maze of difficulties. The precedents, the chief of which have been set by American courts, are not all on one side. In the letter of our Department of State, last March, the attention of the British Government was called to the case of the Peterhof. In the instance of that ship, the Supreme Court held that a vessel bound for a Mexican port could not be made a prize merely because there was every reason to suppose its cargo to be destined for Texas. But very likely the English Government will remind us of the Springbok case, in which the Supreme Court appeared to lay down an opposite doctrine of "destination." In fact, during our Civil War, ships bound for Nassau were repeatedly captured by the United States men-of-war on the ground that they were virtual blockade-runners. It is a vexed question on which there may be an honest difference of opinion.

When the time comes for the British Government to declare itself on the main principle, there can be no doubt that it will acquiesce in our main theoretical contentions. The high seas must remain free to neutrals. It is only enemy ports that can be blockaded. But the sticking-point will lie in the stopping of shipments ostensibly to neutral countries. In this there is obviously much parlous matter, over which international lawyers may long dispute. For the present, it need only be said that the issue is less definite and far less vital than the one involved in our controversy with Germany; and that, even if the difference becomes irreconcilable, our Government will have no occasion to go further than to reiterate its demand of "reparation" for any demonstrable damage unlawfully done to American commerce.

ORGANIZING FOR MUNITIONS.

The problems with which Mr. Lloyd George, as Minister of Munitions, is preparing to deal, under the plenary powers conferred upon him by Parliament, fall under three general heads. There is what may be called the psychological factor, the factor of organization, and the factor of England's actual resources. The first two have been to the forefront. The national temperament has manifested itself in a characteristic failure of the imagination. Englishmen do not foresee; they must be taught by the bitter lessons of experience, and they are slow in learning. The nation at large for a long time unquestionably underestimated the tremendous severity of the test that it faces. The men at the head of affairs have been slow in learning the specific lessons of the war. If the industrial workers have not given their full efforts towards the production of munitions, it is also true that the War Office was a long time in deciding just what kind of munitions the situation demanded. English individualism has reinforced the lack of imagination. On the one hand, the workers' unions have been fearful of the loss of their rights. On the other hand, the employers have had to be taught that they must consent to a limitation of profits for the common welfare. Thus, when Mr. Lloyd George was under the necessity of offering to the labor unions a pledge that the employers would take no advantage of the relaxation of union rules, he was contending both with British individualism and with the lack of British imagination. The labor unions have remembered the repression that followed the Napoleonic wars and have demanded guarantees for the future. It is true that if the nation were in a desperate state there would be no such insistence on individual rights. It is to bring home the needs of the situation to the workers that Mr. Lloyd George is now exerting himself.

The mistakes in organization began with the overconcentration of duties in Lord

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Kitchener. That error has now been rectified. Presumably because Kitchener was overworked, red tape came into play. There have been complaints that in the distribution of contracts errors of delay and judgment have occurred. Manufacturers in a position to supply war munitions have failed to get a hearing from the War Office. Contracts, on the other hand, have been awarded to establishments with inadequate facilities. These errors, too, are in the way of being remedied. England will probably be divided into munition areas under the central control of prominent manufacturers to whom will be delegated the duty of portioning out the subcontracts and who will be responsible for the total output. Such dissatisfaction as has arisen over the progress of contracts for munitions in this country is to be dealt with by a special representative of the British Government. Minor but important problems like the shifting of labor from point to point are taken up in the Munition bill. The recall from the front of skilled workers for the factories has been practiced for some time. For just as important as an adequate supply of labor is the utilization of labor economically. The situation is one which calls for men in the field, in the ship yards, in the factories, in the clothing shops, in the food warehouses, and on the farms. In Germany this nice adjustment of forces was undoubtedly worked out with care years in advance.

Once organized, the English industries, according to Mr. Lloyd George, are in a position to equal, and surpass, the output of munitions in Germany and Austria. That output he estimates at 250,000 shells a day. But England must do more than organize for such an output. She has to outstrip the great stocks of ammunition which German foresight had piled up in advance. To overcome this handicap, what are England's resources? We need take only one standard of comparison. In 1911 there were in the United Kingdom about eleven and a half million industrial workers. In 1907 there were in Germany about eleven and a quarter million industrial workers. We may assume that at the outbreak of the war the industrial armies in the two countries were about equal. From their ranks must obviously come the labor for the munition factories. On the basis of mere numbers, therefore, England and Germany should be turning out the same amount of supplies. In favor of Germany are two factors, the accumulated stores of ammunition already mentioned, and the unquestionably superior organization which obtains better results from the same amount of labor. In favor of England, however, is one fully counterbalancing factor. Germany at the maximum of her efforts will be maintaining in the field nearly twice as large an army as England. That must mean a much greater drain on the industrial population. Even German superiority in organization cannot overcome this handicap. The more men the Kaiser places in the field, the more men he withdraws from industry. On the whole, therefore, we may assume that when England settles down to work, she can equal Germany's output of munitions. If we thus check off England against Germany, we have France, Italy, Russia, and the supplies from this country to balance against Austria's contribution; a showing which totals up decidedly in favor of the Allies.

Nevertheless, a task of extraordinary difficulty confronts the new Minister of Munitions. In all discussions of the matter the question is treated as one of shells simply. Lloyd George spoke chiefly of shells. But, however pressing is the need for high explosives, the war will not be decided by shells alone. We know that the Teuton armies have depended chiefly on heavy guns in their victories over Russia, and that the Allies must have heavy guns if they are to break through in the west. But to the careful reader of the war chronicles the importance of other arms has also been apparent. The machine gun has been used by the Germans with extraordinary effect on the defensive. At Neuve Chapelle and elsewhere the Allies lost heavily in the face of small rear guards armed with the automatic gun. Some reports have gone so far as to state that the machine gun is replacing the rifle for infantry action with the German armies. And after shells and machine guns come other factors—traction machinery, chemical supplies, and, by no means least, aeroplanes. H. G. Wells may not be altogether visionary in calling for huge squadrons of aeroplanes for the invasion of Germany. Certainly the effectiveness of the English aviation service has been such as to call for a large increase.

One caution with regard to the state of mind in England it may be well to remember. The anxiety over munitions is not altogether a reflection of the way the fighting has been going against the Allies. It is an indication also that one problem which confronted England has been solved. That is the question of men. The present agitation over shells is a repetition of the earlier anxiety over recruiting. It is certain that Kitchener has obtained nearly all, if not all, of the three and a quarter million men that Parliament has authorized. If England is now muddling with the problem of ammunition, it is a sign that she has muddled through the problem of men.

THE GERMAN SOCIALISTS AND PEACE.

To what extent can the remarkable peace manifesto in the Berlin *Vorwärts* be taken as an index of popular opinion with regard to the chances of a German victory? That obviously is the first meaning for which people will search. Abroad the natural tendency will be to argue that a cry for peace from any important German source is a sign of weakness. The German Government, by forbidding the publication of the *Vorwärts*, apparently recognizes this danger. And yet the fears of the Government may not be so real as its action would indicate. At bottom, no interpretation of the Socialist peace manifesto can leave out of account the circumstances of the Socialist party, not only since the beginning of the war, but before the war; or the consideration that the Socialists of Germany are looking beyond the war to the interests of their own movement.

With the first day of mobilization last summer there came what has been usually described as a collapse of the international Socialist movement. Events must show whether this is so, but on the face of things the spectacle of Socialists rallying without murmur to the colors, voting war credits, and entering into coalition War Ministries, was unquestionably a denial of Socialist pretensions. Because the Social-Democracy of Germany was the oldest and most powerful party in the international movement, its fall from grace was all the more impressive. Yet the German Socialists after a time began to find their bearings. They admitted failure, but not a failure of their fundamental principles. They had over-estimated the strength of international solidarity in the resurgence of national passions, and they had overestimated their own strength when it came to a protest against war. For their justification they described the crisis as one which called first to them as Germans and only secondarily as Socialists. But once they had done their duty to the Fatherland by joining the colors and voting war budgets, they set themselves to the task of keeping intact, in the midst of the storm, the foundations of their Socialist creed. Thus in the act of voting war supplies the Socialists in the Reichstag maintained some connection with their past

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by registering a protest against a war of annexation, by demanding that in the midst of war the interests of the laboring classes must not be forgotten in the way of caring for soldiers' families and survivors, food prices, wages, and so on, and by serving notice, repeatedly, that after the war the workers of Germany would expect full recognition of their services to the Fatherland in the way of democratic reform, among other things by the reform of the iniquitous Prussian franchise.

Let us suppose now that a moment came when German prospects of victory were bright, and when Germany might broach the possibility of peace without loss of prestige. From whom would the first intimations of peace come? Obviously, from the Socialists. Self-interest would dictate that. The Socialists have confessed to their insufficient strength when it came to the prevention of war, but they have reasserted their fidelity to their basic principles and have labored to keep the record as consistent as might be under adverse circumstances. As we have said, they have been looking beyond the war to a process of Socialist reconstruction, when past weaknesses and inconsistencies will be forgotten or forgiven. It would obviously be a calamity for the future of the German Socialists if an authoritative voice for peace arose in Germany and it was not a Socialist voice. They had failed to prevent war. For their future existence they must be the pioneers of peace. It was a tactical opportunity which the party must seize; and this it has done in the *Vorwärts* manifesto which is virtually an *apologia* for the party. It restates what Socialists did to prevent war, their fidelity to such Socialist principles as could be maintained under the *force majeure* of the war fever, and their readiness once more to enter on the ways of friendship with their enemies. In other words, if we suppose Germany confident of victory, the *Vorwärts* manifesto would be easily explained. It would simply mean that, with peace in the air, the Socialists were eager to be the first to adopt the issue for their own.

But, as a matter of fact, the spirit of victory does not breathe in the manifesto. Had the Socialists said, "We are victorious, let us now be generous," the heavy hand of the censor would not have fallen on the *Vorwärts*. The Government could tolerate a debate on the question to annex or not to annex, once it is conceded that it was for Germany to decide whether to annex or not. The Socialists may wish to be generous, the Conservatives may clamor for the last ounce of flesh; that is merely academic discussion; the point is, we have won. Had the manifesto been edited in one or two places, the Government might have even welcomed it as a *ballon d'essai*, and waited for the Allies to speak. What the Government could not tolerate was a question like this:

> Must this terrible drama, which has no precedent in the history of the world, go on indefinitely?

Or statements like these:

> If the war is not to go on indefinitely until all the nations are completely exhausted . . .
>
> Upon Germany, which has successfully defended itself against superior forces, and which has frustrated the plan to bring it to starvation, rests the duty of taking the first steps towards peace.

This plainly is no pæan of victory, from the standpoint of Tirpitz, at least. It looks forward to an indefinite war, and to exhaustion. It evidently assumes that a successful defence against starvation and dismemberment is all Germany can hope for. It makes havoc of the standard argument that the unity and confidence of the German people must bring victory; for now it is shown that there is no such unanimity of confidence. Balancing those features of the manifesto which might indicate a belief in Germany's triumph against the very explicit phrases in which doubt and weariness are expressed, the result shows a state of mind in Germany quite different from what the Government would have it after the victories of the last two months. The *Vorwärts* manifesto is not an endeavor on the part of the Socialists to be first in announcing Germany's success. It is rather a confession of deadlock.

A NON-POLITICAL SECRETARY OF STATE.

President Wilson's decision to appoint Robert Lansing Secretary of State seems as natural as it is praiseworthy. Mr. Lansing's competence is unquestioned; he has the advantage of having all the threads of pending diplomatic negotiation already in his hand, so that there will be no break or pause in the policy of the Department; and the feeling is general that the new Secretary has earned his position fairly and will adorn it. His designation as acting Secretary was a convenient mode of bridging over the resignation of Mr. Bryan, at the same time that it gave the President opportunity to decide at leisure what was the best way of filling the vacancy permanently. Every President has to be, in the big matters, his own Secretary of State, and Mr. Wilson will undoubtedly continue to determine for himself the main features of our foreign policy; but he is to be congratulated upon having so able and so acceptable a coadjutor as Robert Lansing.

The appointment is plainly non-political. It is made even in the face of certain political objections that might be urged—that are, indeed, said to have been urged. With two Secretaries from New York already in the Cabinet, it might be thought politically inexpedient to name a third. The States are proverbially jealous for their "quota." Besides, Mr. Lansing will bring no purely political strength to the Administration. He has never been known as even a local party leader. It was doubtless with this fact in mind that some of the President's advisers besought him to look about and select some Democrat with large political influence, who was at the same time skilled in diplomacy, to take charge of the State Department. Perhaps Mr. Wilson found such a combination difficult to discover. Democrats of that description are not as thick as blackberries. At all events, the President fell back upon an appointment which has nothing to do with politics, in the party sense. In the higher sense, the selection of Mr. Lansing may prove to be the best kind of politics.

Thus in the third year of his Administration President Wilson is enabled to do what has been permitted to almost no President at the beginning of his term. The usual rule is well understood. Presidents-elect feel compelled to offer the State Department to some man powerful in the party, often to one who had himself been a formidable candidate for the Presidency. The Secretary of State is sometimes called the "Premier" of the Cabinet. His office comes to him as a sort of grand consolation prize. Yet even in recent years the practice has not been invariable. Hamilton Fish was, to be sure, a well-known Republican, but had not been a moulder of the destinies of his party even in his own State when Grant called him to the State Department, where he served so long and, on the whole, so satisfactorily. When President Hayes made Evarts Secretary of State it was personal ability, not political weight that was the deciding thing. Cleveland's choice of Gresham was, indeed, political, but it was a case of politics reversed, since Gresham had been a Republican.

The most striking instances, during the last generation, of non-political appointments to the Department of State have occurred under circumstances very like those of Mr.

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Lansing's. They were, that is to say, *ad-interim* or mid-term appointments. In such cases, the President may feel at liberty to disregard politics and look chiefly to personal and professional attainments. This was partially true of President Arthur's selection of Frelinghuysen as Secretary of State, to succeed Blaine. Frelinghuysen had, indeed, been prominent in New Jersey politics, but at the time of his entering the Cabinet was at such an age, and so situated politically, as not to be able to do much to help Arthur to reëlection. In fact, he died almost immediately after the expiration of Arthur's term. Much more notable was President Harrison's summoning of John W. Foster to the Department in 1892—again to succeed Blaine. This was as nearly a strictly diplomatic appointment as ever had been made before the similar honor which has now come to Mr. Foster's son-in-law, Robert Lansing. John Hay's first appointment was made by McKinley, after the break-down of his political nominee, John Sherman, and the resignation of the makeshift, Day. In Hay's case it was certainly the diplomat who towered above the politician. His retention by Roosevelt even into his second term, and until Hay died, was a clear recognition of the value of special training and peculiar aptitudes in the conduct of the Department of State. John Hay, like Robert Lansing, did not carry many "votes" in his pocket, but he did a great deal to add to the prestige of the Presidents under whom he served.

GROWTH OF PROPERTY AND OF TAXES.

The United States Census report, issued a few days ago, on "Assessed Valuation of Property and Amounts and Rates of Levy," presents some very striking figures. What first catches the eye in the leading table is the tremendous increase, in the ten years from 1902 to 1912, in the total assessed valuation of all property subject to *ad-valorem* taxation; an increase throwing completely into the shade anything that was shown in earlier periods. The total assessed valuation in 1912 was (we use the nearest billion throughout) 69 billion dollars, as against 35 billion in 1902, an increase of very nearly 100 per cent. The same thing is true of the assessed valuation of real property and improvements subject to taxation, which advanced from 26 billion dollars to 52 billion. In both cases, to get a total which should be to that of 1912 as that of 1912 was to that of 1902, we have to go back to 1880, when the assessed valuation of all property and of real property and improvements, respectively, was 17 billion and 13 billion dollars. That is, it took twenty-two years to do the doubling, starting from 1880, whereas ten years sufficed, starting from 1902.

It is very much to be wished that the Census Bureau should devote more effort—and a corresponding space in its publications—to the analysis and discussion of phenomena of this kind. Considering the striking character of the figures we have been referring to, the comment made upon them in the introductory remarks is far from satisfying:

> There are many considerations which may be advanced in explanation of the sudden and unprecedented increase in the amount of the assessed valuation [from 1902 to 1912], the principal one being, undoubtedly, the actual increase in the value of real property throughout the country, the value of farm land alone having increased 118.1 per cent. from 1900 to 1910, while the value of all farm property, including buildings, implements and machinery, and domestic animals, but not including the value of crops, increased 100.5 per cent. during the same period. It is a safe assumption that the value of other property has increased at approximately the same or even a greater rate during this period, the smaller increase in the assessed valuation being accounted for by the fact that in only a part of the States is property assessed at the full value. In some States, notably Ohio, the increase is due in a large measure to a change in the basis of assessment from about one-third the actual value to the actual cash or sale value of such property.

This is on its face very inadequate—which is not saying that it is incorrect—as related to the increase from 1902 to 1912, taken by itself; and it fails altogether to look into the question of the "unprecedented" character of that increase. Even if it be granted that the 100 per cent. growth is to be looked upon almost entirely as a growth of actual value, and not as due in any great measure to changes in the basis of assessment, the question remains as to what happened in this respect in previous decades. Thus the decade 1880 to 1890 shows an increase of only 46 per cent. (from 13 to 19 billion dollars) in assessment of realty, or less than half the rate from 1902 to 1912; is that a fair reflection of the relative growth of actual money values in the two periods? Turning to a former census bulletin, dealing with estimated valuation of actual wealth, we find the value of realty in 1890 set down as 20 billion dollars, and in 1900 as nearly 36 billion, an increase not of 46 but of 78 per cent. And between 78 per cent. and 100 per cent. there is no startling difference. Moreover, if we were to allow for the fall in the purchasing power of money (a factor common to both periods, but far greater in 1902-1912 than in 1880-90) it is possible that the difference between the two periods in the rate of growth of the value of real property would be completely wiped out, or perhaps even put into the opposite scale.

Great as is the increase of assessed valuation for the country as a whole, the increase for some of the large geographical divisions is decidedly greater—the West South Central division and the Pacific division showing nearly 200 per cent. increase—while in some individual States the increase is, on the face of the figures, startling. This last is especially true of Kansas, whose assessed valuation, both for all property and for realty, increased by about 650 per cent. between 1902 and 1912—namely, from 363 million dollars to 2,747 million for the total, and from 242 to 1,798 million for realty. That this cannot be accounted for without a great change in the method of assessment, every one would take to be a matter of course; and in point of fact, in the statements relating to methods of assessments, etc., in the several States, we find that in 1908 "the basis of assessment was changed from about one-fifth to about four-fifths of the true value."

The per capita figures for assessed valuation show similar divergences; but in the tables of the per capita *levy* there is a much nearer approach to uniformity. The levy is the real thing—how much per head have the people been paying in the shape of *ad-valorem* property taxes? For the country as a whole, the per capita levy has been as follows (the 1870 figure being on a gold basis):

1860	1870	1880	1890	1902	1912
$3.00	$5.87	$6.26	$7.53	$9.22	$13.91

and the upward trend in the great geographical divisions, and in the separate States, parallels fairly well that shown by the whole country, except where reasons such as the effect of the war upon the Southern States, or the peculiar conditions of California in its earlier history, account for a marked difference. Thus the per capita property tax in Kansas in 1880, 1890, 1902, and 1912, was $5.00, $8.94, $10.14, and $16.55, respectively; a course which, it will be seen, presents no remarkable divergence in character from that of the figures for the whole country. As for these latter, the salient fact is that the average American in 1912 was turning over to his State and local governments, in the shape of property taxes, 50 per cent. more money than he was in 1902; and it seems pretty certain that something like that rate of increase has been maintained since 1912.

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Foreign Correspondence

MR. BRYAN'S RESIGNATION—THE NEW ALLY—ZEPPELIN RAIDS.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, June 11.

Under European conditions the resignation of an important Cabinet Minister at the very moment when a decision of the highest significance was pending, on the relations between his own country and another, would be ominous indeed; hence the perturbation with which the news of Mr. Bryan's letter to President Wilson was at first received here was natural enough. It was soon realized, however, that American conditions are by no means on all fours with those of Europe in such an emergency, and that Mr. Bryan's disappearance from official life does not really mean any serious division of forces in the face of the enemy. Mr. Bryan, by resigning, it is now believed here, has really strengthened the hands of President Wilson. The news will undoubtedly greatly flutter the dove-cotes of Berlin, where, it is understood, the belief in Mr. Bryan's ascendency over Mr. Wilson was accepted as a dogma. The stock of President Wilson is still steadily mounting in the British market, and this not because we expect to receive material assistance from him, but because we hold him to be more and more in the attitude of vindicating the best traditions of the great nation to which we feel ourselves most closely akin. We seem to see good evidence that the people of the United States are firmly and overwhelmingly behind their President.

Those of us who have resigned themselves to the belief that this great struggle *must* be carried on to the bitter end, realize that war is hell, just as much as do the most extreme of the academic pacifists; but we also realize that there are many circles in the inferno, and that the gap of relative evil between the highest and the lowest of these is certainly greater than that between a just war and a disgraceful peace. Those who see little moral difference between the sinking of the Lusitania and a fair fight between bodies of armed men, inasmuch as both are parts of the unspeakable horror of war, are in this matter less, rather than more, moral than those who clearly appreciate the difference. Their trouble is that a long-continued obsession by a contemplation of the blessings of peace has atrophied the tract of their moral consciousness not immediately concerned, and has rendered it unable to react to the stimulus of the rare but (alas!) still possible moment when the sagest and most righteous of men have to own that there is something still more precious than peace. They do not recognize the logic of fact. As M. Ostrogorski puts it: "Mieux vaut mourir en combattant que vivre en mourant."

The entrance of Italy into the war has been a great satisfaction to the British anti-military (or unmilitary) supporters of this war, because, after all necessary deductions, it is believed that her action was to a very large extent moral and idealistic. A striking symbol of the present unity of the Italian nation is the report from Rome that, during the National Fête celebrated there last Sunday, the Italian tri-color was hoisted over the Jesuit University, for the first time since the downfall of the Temporal Power forty-five years ago. The sympathetic coöperation of the Pope and Church (though not yet, perhaps, of the Cardinals) with the state, is of good augury for future developments in Italy.

The Zeppelins do not allow us to forget them. So far as I can make out, the general attitude is one of a kind of resigned annoyance. If Germany is to win in this war (which we hope is practically impossible), it does not seem to matter much whether her acts of wanton destruction are committed now or a little later. If we are victorious (which we hope is highly probable), the repeated Zeppelin raids will only swell the account against Germany. The item, xy, in our claim for damages (x Zeppelin raids at £y per visit $=$£xy) will simply be so much the larger. Up to the present moment the Zeppelins have slain about fifteen people in England, all non-combatants, and most of them women and children, while Flight-Lieutenant Warneford alone, by his feat of June 7, has permanently deprived the armies of H. I. M. the Kaiser of the services of twenty-eight fighting men. While we cannot confidently hope that the balance will continue to be so decidedly in our favor, we do not despair even of that; and if worse things befall us, we shall accept them as the fortunes of war.

It would be easy to go on writing indefinitely about the myriad organizations for woman's work in war time, but I must regard that part of my task as closed for the moment, and finish my references to feminine activity with a simple enumeration of a few of the cases where the ordinary citizen now personally encounters women or girls where he formerly saw men or boys.

The demand for women teachers has been very great, and many boys' schools (preparatory, grammar, etc.) are now almost wholly staffed by women. Proficiency in outdoor games is considered a strong recommendation. At least one head mistress of a private school has, to my knowledge, offered her services as an ordinary board school-teacher, in order to let a young man enlist. No one can pass through Victoria Station without marvelling at the beehive activity of the women's free buffet for soldiers on their way to or from the front. The special constable who turns out for night patrol duty may now quit his home side by side with his wife on her way to an all-night shift at the tea and coffee canteens in the arms factories of Woolwich and Enfield. Women "drummers" are making a distinct success by their tact, industry, keenness, and economy. We are now quite accustomed to buy our suburban railway tickets from, and have them clipped by, smart looking young women. The first station, however, to be entirely staffed by women is the Tube Station at Maida Vale—a choice made in all probability by a wholly unconscious humorist. The male traveller with luggage is here, and at the Grand Central terminus, exposed to serious clashes between his gallantry and his convenience. A few women tramway conductors have also made their appearance. The Athenæum was the first club to introduce waitresses into its sacred halls, but its example has been freely followed in less venerable institutions. Many hotels and restaurants have also replaced waiters by waitresses. The London authorities have not yet allowed any women to qualify as taxi-drivers, but women are now not infrequently seen in control of the business vans and automobiles of Whiteley's and other stores. My butcher now calls for orders in the form of a smart girl on a bicycle. Riding mistresses are busy preparing young officers for the mounted services. Hairdressing seems a natural enough field for feminine skill; and the hardy may even (I understand) expose themselves to the risks of a feminine razor. The number of women employed in filling cartridges, in making fuses, and in other departments of ammunition works is steadily growing. The papers contain many advertisements for girls to act as messengers, bookstall attendants, "office boys," and elevator attendants, and for women as gardeners and even as coachmen.

Since the above was written, President Wilson's second Lusitania note has been published. The general impression here is that never was the steel hand so well velveted; never was so long and so silky a rope uncoiled before the eyes of a potential suicide. If Germany lets herself be entangled in this noose, America's conscience will be clear. We find it rather hard to understand why the Mr. Bryan who swallowed the last note finds it impossible to digest this one. The brew seems as stiff, but no stiffer. Mr. Bryan must be an invincible doctrinaire.

GLEANINGS, FRENCH AND BELGIAN.

PARIS, June 12.

"Lean over, shut up, and follow!"

For the first time, you are going into the trenches. It is black night, and your feet catch in roots and on sticks and stones. Suddenly a fusee bursts in the sky, falling in red and white or green or blue lights, bringing out bushes and trees and distant hills. You do your best to lean over to the very ground, while machine guns begin crackling and balls whistle too near your head. You shut up and follow quick—very quick!

You get into a trench and keep leaning over and shutting up. And you listen. Night intensifies the least noise. You can distinguish the rolling of the provision trucks over beyond the enemy's lines; the rumbling of the ambulances picking up the wounded, railway metals dropped where the enemy is laying a track—and balls that pass too near overhead. And you perceive that there is a firing at regular intervals, and that there are balls fired irregularly. Every minute, from nightfall to morning, there is a German rifle fired in among the bursting of bombs and the hiss of shells in air. It is like the tick-tack of a clock going on for weeks and weeks.

In this endless siege war, in which the enemies work in trenches often not a hundred yards apart, the action of artillery, light and heavy, to prepare and accompany infantry attacks, is of prime importance. An advance of half a mile along a front of three miles is nowadays a famous victory. The battle of Arras, long in space and time, inaugurated at the beginning of May new tactics of the French army after eight months of this siege war. The intention is to blow down the enemy's trench defences by artillery fire, and then to attack by an infantry bound forward—and to keep the ground which is thus sure to be won at the start.

The whole front of this battle of Arras was nine miles, along which the French had more

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than one thousand "firing mouths." On May 9, for the attack on Carency, a village in which the Germans had intrenched themselves formidably, the French artillery began at seven o'clock and kept up a showering fire of more than 20,000 shells for three hours. At ten, when it was thought the parapets of the enemy's trenches had crumbled sufficiently, the infantry leaped across the slope into the first line of German trenches, almost without loss. It was the winning of the second and third lines which was murderous. All the next day they were occupied in storming a ravine to the west of the village.

Carency itself still had its strong works, prepared through months of toil by the German invaders. The French commander began finally investing the village at one o'clock of the 11th, and at five the defenders, seeing their retreat cut off, surrendered. The next day the Germans abandoned Ablain, a neighboring hamlet, after setting fire to it. On May 13 the prisoners of war began their movement through the French lines towards their captivity. The morning was gray, with a fine drizzling rain; but French hearts were beating high. Along the Arras road a French general witnessed the filing off, at parade step, heads left, of Baden guards, Bavarian chasseurs, Saxon foot, with their colonel at the head.

On the same May 9 and the days after, the English line attacked to the north of Arras. They had not enough shells to do as the French did and prepare their infantry attack. "Our men went courageously forward to attack the trenches—and found the barbed wire defences untouched, while mitrailleuses well hidden swept our ranks." And that is why Lloyd George is preaching to British workmen that, without shot and shell, there is no salvation now.

These mitrailleuses have grown greatly in power and less in compass since the American Gatling invented something of the kind in 1862, during our fighting among ourselves. Two other Americans, Maxim and Hotchkiss, are chiefly responsible for the present form. The Belgian army still uses Hotchkiss guns; but the French for the most part have an improved and simplified model of their own. Whole and entire, with exchange piece, telemetre, carriage, and all, its weight is less than 265 pounds, the normal charge of a beast of burden. These guns sweep a distance from 500 to 1,600 yards. A French infantry regiment has three mitrailleuse companies or sections, with two guns for each; and each cavalry regiment has one section. A section has a lieutenant with his under-officer at its head, three brigadiers, and twenty soldiers, each with his own technical work to do. And for every infantry section there are nine horses or mules of burden and four draught horses. A cavalry section has for its service fourteen draught-horses and twenty-one saddle-horses.

The German service of such pieces is heavier and not nearly so manageable, as this new phase of the war may show. They use a heavy gun-carriage, which passes with difficulty where the draught horses rush forward. With their prodigality of men, they have for every section of six pieces four officers, thirteen under-officers, and sixty-four men, of whom eighteen are conductors; and these have twenty-six horses, with officers riding on four. Russians and English have similar detachments, and Belgians are particularly strong in this branch. So is Austria-Hungary—only the Servians have captured their mitrailleuses by dozens and turned them against their owners!

Whosoever shall write a true history of this world-encircling war must inform himself in this use of mitrailleuses and aeroplanes and automobile transports.

A Belgian officer explains what is going on at their end of the long battle line, now that this new phase of the war has begun:

"For us the evil hour passed with the retreat from Antwerp, the first battles of the Yser, and the endless winter in rain and freezing mud. Since we have held out in such wretched conditions, we shall still hold out and without too much trouble. We are inured to war, and our army has been reconstituted, stronger and more confident than ever. Our troops are much superior to what they were at the beginning. We never lacked courage, but now we know all the tricks of the trade. Yes, we are old troopers, *vieux de la vieille*.

"Not only are the Germans excellent soldiers, but they are also incomparable teachers—and we hope and even we are sure we shall soon show them that their lessons have not been lost. They may be proud of their pupils when we start the campaign in Germany. For to Germany we must go—that is the dream, the aim, of all of us. We feel the need of a field of application for the knowledge we have acquired so dearly!"

Georges Batault, the Swiss neutral who was listening, observed that all these Belgians have now a very decided feeling of superiority over their adversary. They say the German troops of the spring of 1915 cannot be compared to those of August, 1914. The enemy gives signs of wear, however tenacious he may be and though he is still to be feared; but now that his most desperate efforts are always in vain, he is practically conquered.

"All the German attacks since the month of October have cost us dear, but they have been his ruin. Some of the fighting, in which the Germans were engaged in unfavorable positions, was a veritable butchery. It seems to me"—a Belgian sergeant was speaking—"that we should have revolted against our commanders if they had dared to send us so cruelly to our death. We should not have had confidence in chiefs who counted our lives so cheaply.

"Thank God that is not the way with us! That which gives the Belgian army its unity to-day is the feeling that, throughout this frightful war, we have always been considered from the first to the last as men—and not as cannon fodder. With us, it is not a blind people fighting for its Emperor; it is a king fighting with his people and for his people. We are all free men who fight for freedom. It is the nobility of our King that, by courage and greatness of soul, he is truly—the first of all the Belgians!"

As the under-officer spoke all the soldiers standing near bowed their heads gravely in approval.

Meanwhile some one is paying for a peace propaganda in Paris and through France. In an entrance to the subway where countless people pass, some one has thrown handbills addressed to French working women and demanding instant peace. Other such are left at porters' lodges or sent like shop prospectuses by mail. And it is not the French who are paying for it. "One can make war, but it takes two to make peace," says Senator Clemenceau in the name of France. S. D.

A French Poet of Yesterday

By STODDARD DEWEY.

It is scarcely necessary to explain Henri de Regnier to America, where he long ago gave university lectures and where, long ago, too, his principal poems were analyzed. For his poetic production lasted little longer than twenty years from his first fluttering attempts as a college boy in 1885; and his prose, which has since been published in considerable quantity, is not particularly likely to attract American readers. He was easily first of the poets of his time—and Rostand, who came after and sang to the people at large, is not, like Henri de Regnier, a poets' poet. His was the poetry of yesterday—of the time of dilettante lassitude and art for art's sake and life for the sake of living which went before the present rude awakening, just as Louis Quinze art went before the great Revolution.

No French poet is more decorative, more vocal of a life that Tanagra figurines and Florentine pages might have led in mythology quite modern around some Greek vase. His "free verses," in reality, are only lawless Alexandrines. No one can distinguish if echoes of English poets sound through his verses, but he fell early under the influence of Mallarmé, who was most comprehensible when speaking of the English he taught. Something he certainly owes to the writer of a single book of sonnets highly wrought—José Maria de Heredia, whose daughter Henri de Regnier was to marry. The poet himself is fond of his heredity from forefathers who were "brigadiers" or Chevaliers of the King when Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard painted.

In any case, his poetry is his own, no matter how many or what centuries end in him. Luckily, as is common in later days, he is conscious and articulate of his art—and he is worth hearing now that France and the nations have slipped a cog in the revolving wheel of time. We still have timely interest in such Poets of Yesterday.

Perhaps the most characteristic work of Henri de Regnier—highest in imaginative composition, kindliest in its far-away touch of emotion, most like the winding procession of a Greek vase, yet so unlike that of Keats—is a Twilight Scene in the "Poèmes anciens et romanesques," dating shortly before and after 1890. A literal and line-to-line translation, even of a considerable fragment, can hope for little more than to keep some of the quick rhythm of thought. Those who can appreciate the French text will not soon forget the haunting pulses of the original verse. It takes its motto from a line of Heredia: "Too soon the Night comes on; thy hope is vain":

Going toward the City where they sing upon the terraces
Under trees in flower-like brides' bouquets,
Going toward the City where the pave of public places
Is thrilling to the blue rose eve of dances tired and still,

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There we met the maidens of the plain
Coming to the fountain,
Coming on out of breath,
And we passed by.

Living in their sad eyes was the sweetness of clear skies,
Birds of morning sang in their voices sweet,
Oh, so sweet with their eyes of the way that is good
And so tender with voices of doves that show the way!
Down they sat to see us, sadly and sage,
Their joined hands seemed keeping their hearts in a cage.

Dancing girls then crossed our paths
And we followed their paint and their laugh and tambourines—
To lose them in the evening dusk at the turning of the way.

. . . . . .

A few years later (1897), in a book of "Rustic and Divine Sports," the poet sang of his own peculiar art in an *odelette:*

A little reed's enough for me
To set a-tremble the high grass,
All the meadow,
Gentle willows,
And the brook a-singing, too;
A little reed's enough for me
To make the forest sing.

Passers-by have heard it
When the eve was deep in their thoughts,
Through silence or wind,
Clear-toned or lost,
Near or far away . . .
Passers-by, in their thoughts,
Shall listen in the deep of themselves,
Shall hear it again and shall hear
That still it sings on.

'Twas enough for me—
This little reed I cut
At the spring where Love came
On a day to look
At his face so grave
And a-weeping—
Enough to make passers-by weep
And grasses tremble and waters thrill;
And, with my breathing in a reed,
I made all the forest sing.

In the same volume was "The Vase," which also tells of art—and is chosen by the poet's admirers as his masterpiece. "The Strayed Reveller" of Matthew Arnold—whom Henri de Regnier must not know—stands in Circe's palace to get a somewhat like view with gods and bards who "see, below them, the earth and men":

My heavy hammer sounded in the light air,
I looked to river and orchard
And meadow and on to the wood
'Neath a sky bluer hour by hour,
And then rose and then purple in twilight;
Then I stood upright,
Stretching happy from the task of the hours,
Stiff from stooping from dawn to the twilight
Over the marble block, cutting its sides
To the vase still in the rough, which my heavy hammer,
In rhythm with morning clear and good daytime,
Struck rejoicing to sound in the light air.

The vase took birth in the fashioned stone.
Slender and pure it grew,
Unformed still in its slenderness,
While I waited,
Hands idle, disquiet,
Days together, turning my head
Left, right, to the lightest noise,
The curved side unpolished, not lifting my hammer.
The water
Ran in the fountain as if panting.
In the silence
I heard, one by one, 'mid the trees of the orchard,
Fruits falling from branch to branch;
I breathed the messenger fragrance
From far-away flowers on the wind;
Often
I believed some one spoke low
And, one day, as I dreamed—unsleeping—
I heard beyond meadows and river
Flutes singing. . . .
One day again,
'Twixt the leaves, ochre, and gold,
Of the wood I saw, with his legs yellow-haired,
A Faun dancing;
And I saw him, too, another time,
Come from the wood
Along the way, and sit on the bound
To catch a butterfly on one of his horns.

Once yet again
A Centaur crossed the river swimming.
Water dripped from his man's skin down on his furred hide:
He came a few steps among the reeds,
Scented the wind, neighed, and recrossed the water;
The morrow I saw the print of his hoofs
Marked in the grass. . . .

. . . . . .

—The orchard vast and the wood and the plain
Trembled to a noise that was strange, and the fountain
Ran quicker with a laugh in its waters;
—Three Nymphs upstanding by three reeds
Took hands and danced; from the wood
Red Fauns came in troops, and voices
Sang beyond the orchard trees
With flutes awake in the light air.
The ground reëchoed to the gallop of Centaurs;
They came from the depth of the sounding horizon,
And I saw seated at bounding croups,
Thyrsi atwist and bottle-bellied,
The halt bee-stung Satyrs,
Hairy-mouthed, crimson-lipped,
Kissing in measureless, frantic round,
Heavy hoof and light foot, hairy croups and tunics
Turning mazily around me who, gravely,
As they passed carved on the vase's swelling sides
The whirl of the forces of Life.

. . . . . .

My delirium died with the task that was done;
And at last, on its pedestal, from foot to handles,
The great Vase rose bare in the silence;
And, spirally carved on the living marble,
The scattered round to a feeble air
Bringing an echo of noise that was over
Turned with the goats and the Gods and nude women,
With Centaurs leaping and Fauns alert,
Silently rounding its surface—
While, alone evermore, in the sombre night
I cursed at the dawn and wept toward the shadow.

Surely, it is this which Matthew Arnold saw of his own art in the dreams of the youth who drank in the cool night-wind from the bowl of Circe:

These things, Ulysses,
The wise bards also
Behold and sing.
But oh, what labor,
O prince, what pain!

. . . . . .

But I, Ulysses,
Sitting on the warm steps,
Looking over the valley,
All day long have seen,
Without pain, without labor,
Sometimes a wild Mænad;
Sometimes a Faun with torches;
And sometimes, for a moment,
Passing through the dark stems
Flowing-robed—the beloved,
The desired, the divine,
Beloved Iacchus.

So the immortal Paganisms are prolonged; and very likely, when the present fever of Action and War sinks into convalescence, Dionysus and his art will reappear in English parks and French gardens. In one of his most profiting volumes, "The City of Waters," Henri de Regnier shows himself conscious of this eternal musical moan through the ages:

The wave sings no more in thy thousand fountains,
O Versailles, City of Waters, Garden of Kings!
—Enough that thy waters, unbroken, unfestive,
Rest in their order and tranquillity
Though nothing remains in their noble defeat
Of all that was show and enchantment of yore;—
Provided that weak, low, uncertain in shadow,
From the depths of the green grove she takes for her tomb,
I hear long and slowly the last of thy fountains
Weep o'er thee, City of Waters, Versailles!

"The Winged Sandal," which, in 1905, seems to have signed the close of the poet's inspiration, has a few parting verses of grave philosophy as well as art. It is his "welcome" to two young admirers who have climbed the hill to the poet's little house:

Both looked at me, surprised to see
One who was other in their thought's belief
Rise up to welcome them
In gray gown and bare head—
And not as in their thinking,
Purple-draped and crowned with gold.

. . . . . .

If some day,
Coming back whence now you go,
You should meet on this same way,
Between the barley and the wheat,
A troop of men
Climbing hither, palms in hand,
Tell them well
That, if you follow, you'll not see me
As to-day in my gown of wool,
Hole at shoulder, rent at arm,
But draped in haughty purple
Mayhap—and dead
And crowned with gold!

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Book Notes and Byways

DOCTOR FAUSTUS AND FRIAR BACON.

EXAMPLES OF THE SUPERMAN THEN AND NOW.

By FELIX E. SCHELLING.

When London was new to the young Shakespeare, two plays of devil-lore and magic, "Doctor Faustus" and "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," were holding the public stage; one the work of the great Christopher Marlowe, the other that of the popular writer of stories, Robert Greene. Both were based on old-world stories, even then as familiar almost as the folk-lore of the countryside; and one, the story of Faustus, was destined to inspire the best poetic and musical genius of at least three modern nations. The German "Faustbuch," whatever the intermediate channel, was the source and inspiration of Marlowe's "Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," precisely as an old English chapbook, "The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," was the original of Robert Greene's comedy of that title. One play was written in rivalry with the other, the "white magic" of Friar Bacon answering the "black magic" of Faustus; and both have this in common, that each concerns the life, the art, and the fate of one whose ambition it was to transcend and dominate his fellowmen in the brief world in which he lived, and that this ambition led him to pawn his soul to the Prince of Evil thereby to attain that unhallowed end.

There is no need to repeat the familiar story of Doctor Faustus, "his damnable life and deserved death," as the title of the old English "Faust Book" has it, his conjuring of the devil, his deadly compact sealed with blood, his throes and agonies, as the spirits of good and evil wrestle in his heart for the possession of his soul. This is not the masterwork of cosmopolitan Goethe, who raised the old legend of mediæval deviltry to the fourth dimensions of modern speculative philosophy and, after bringing the gins and snares of the cleverest of devils to an overthrow of the virtue of one poor little maiden, transcends time, fate, and eternity in his stupendous second part to the outfacing of God as well as to the outwitting of the devil. More real, more pathetic—dare we say more dramatically effective?—is Marlowe's broken torso of a complete statue, with its cheap mediæval *diablerie* and its simple, poignant scenes of the agony of an average human soul in straits to pay the penalty of his own folly.

Faustus has pledged his soul, and to what end? That he may box the ears of the Pope in "his Holiness' privy chamber" and outwit a jockey in the sale of a horse! To such ashes turn the fruits of Sodom on the lips of the sinner whether of to-day or of yesterday. Verily the old tragedy belonged to an age of greater faith than ours, an age—dare we call it of deeper superstition? There is a curious old anecdote extant of a contemporary performance of Marlowe's "Faustus," in the provinces somewhere apparently, and with the limited scratch company of actors that trapesed out of London in time of plague and "carried their fardels a pick-a-back," as the old phrase goes. They had reached the scene in which the Seven Deadly Sins file by in order before Faustus and Mephistopheles, each discoursing on the quality of his peculiar wickedness, and the stage direction—not designated in the old quartos—called for a dance of these deadly visitors. As they were whirling about without the magic circle which Faustus had drawn about him with his sword for his protection, he and his fellow actor of Mephistopheles looked, and behold there were, not seven devils, but eight. Now the company was all accounted for, for the actors were few in number and the parts were doubled and doled out even threefold. So the actors of Faustus and Mephistopheles as well—sadly forgetting their parts—fell on their knees and cried upon God to forgive them their sins, for there was a real devil among them. And players and auditors stampeded from the stricken place. The thing is ludicrous, but it represents an honest faith in the presence of evil among men, the deterrent, we may well believe, of many a robust sinner, possibly a deterrent sadly to seek in this our day.

"The History of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" is less universally known. It has been a moot question, even among scholars, as to whether there was ever a Johann Faust; or, if there were, whether he was in any wise the travelling scholar and tamperer with forbidden studies that the figure of Faustus represents. No such doubt hangs about Friar Bacon, who is referable to no less a person than Roger Bacon, the famous scholar of thirteenth-century Oxford. Bacon, it will be remembered, was a man of some substance and station in his time, however his family had become impoverished in the feudal wars of King Henry III. Bacon gave such wealth as he had, his health, his life, to scientific study and investigation, and this in an age when the theology of scholasticism had engulfed nearly all learning in its thirsty and barren quicksands. Seeking peace in the Franciscan brotherhood in despair of his long struggle to acquire learning, Bacon was forbidden to write on pain of forfeiture and penance; and only the intervention of the Pope made possible the publication of the admirable "Opus Majus" and its successors, wherein we find Roger Bacon anticipating his namesake Francis by four hundred years in a daring attempt to reform the crude philosophizing processes of his time, to open up new sources of knowledge, and to point forward the way to the enfranchisement of learning. In the comprehensive review which Roger Bacon gave the sciences of his day, grammar, philology, textual criticism, music, mathematics, nothing is forgotten, and he passes on to treat of geography, chronology, hydropathy, astrology, and optics (this last his special study), with a suggestion of improvement for each and a recognition for all in his comprehensive scheme. It is not to be wondered that, in an ignorant age, a haze of popular myth should soon have gathered about so remarkable a genius. Later times assigned to Bacon the discovery of gunpowder, the invention of the telescope and the *camera obscura;* and other inventions were his. As to his own age, tradition made him a conjurer whose dealings were with the powers of evil whereby he made many "wonderful inventions of art." Among them were "instruments of navigation without man to row in them, and they sayle," says the narrative of these wonders, "far more swiftly than if they were full of men." Also chariots that shall move with an unspeakable force without any living creature to steer them; flying engines, and an instrument of three fingers high "by which a man may rid himself and others of imprisonment, and whereby a man may virtually draw unto him a thousand men, will they nill they." But the greatest of Bacon's mechanical ingenuities, according to popular tradition, was the creation of a brazen head which, the incantations complete, was to have had the power of speech. To the consummation of this great work Bacon and his assistant adept in magic, Friar Bungay, labored long, and at last, by the conjuration of the devil and their compelling power upon him, their task was finished save for the crowning achievement, the utterance of human speech. It was then that their familiar spirit reluctantly warned them that "with the continual fume of the six hotest simples (the brazen head) should have motion and in one month's space speak; the time of the month or day he knew not; also he told them that if they heard it not before it had done speaking all their labor should be lost."

Now Faustus, "glutted with conceit" (that is, in the old tongue, busied with the imaginative construction of air castles), and in the ecstasy of his dreams of power, demanded of his familiar, supernatural attendants many selfish things: "gold fetched from the Indies," "orient pearl," "pleasant fruits and princely delicates"; for his was the ambition (of the overman) for world power, a world-wide commerce to bring him the products of strange lands to the end that he might have dominion and the means of luxurious living. There was, however, among his behests to his familiar, one, which, if not less selfish, was at least less apparently personal, and that was his desire:

> I'll have them wall all Germany with brass.

So, too, Friar Bacon's avowed purpose in the contriving of the brazen head was

> . . . by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
> . . e'er many years or days be past,
> To compass England with a wall of brass.

The assumption of superiority to one's fellowman involves inevitably a barrier against his resentment of that assumption. And in conceiving of that barrier as compacted of metal and of that metal as brass our ancient storytellers may be said verily to have builded better than they knew. Of the project of Faustus we hear no more in the old story. It fell through before more immediate and trivial things; having been once foretold, it was left, if I may so put it, in the forward and abysm of time, for the future to bring forth. Unhappily, too, for the English project of Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay, the two friars at last, worn out with constant watching for the promised moment when the miraculous brazen head was at length to speak, entrusted their weighty charge to a foolish servant named Miles. Miles was to watch while they slept and wake them at the supreme moment. Let the old book tell the story:

> [Now] after some noyse the head spake these two words, TIME IS. Miles, hearing it to speake no more, thought his master would be angry if hee waked him for that, and therefore he let them both sleepe, and began to mocke the head in this manner: "Thou brazen-faced head, hath my master tooke all these paines about thee, and now dost thou requite him with two words, TIME IS? If thou canst speake no wiser, thou shal sleepe till doomes day for me: TIME IS!" . . . After halfe an houre had passed, the head did speake againe, two words, which were these, TIME WAS. Miles respected these words as little as he did the former, and would not wake them, but still scoffed at the brazen head, that it had learned no better words, and have such a tutor as his master. . . . Thus Miles talked and sang till an-

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other halfe-houre was gone: then the brazen head spake again these words, TIME IS PAST; and therewith fell downe, and presently followed a terrible noyse, with strange flashes of fire, so that Miles was halfe dead with feare. At this noyse the two Fryers awaked, and wondred to see the whole roome so full of smoake; but that being vanished, they might perceive the brazen head broken and lying on the ground. . . . "Out on thee, villaine!" said Fryer Bacon; "thou hast undone us both; hadst thou but called us when it did speake, all England had been walled round about with brasse, to its glory and our eternal fames."

In these two old tales, as the dramatists, Marlowe and Greene, treated them, there are several passages remarkably pertinent, if not prophetic, of the straits in which the world lies struggling to-day. What a superlative overman is Faustus and how admirably he voices the Hohenzollern ambition—if we are to believe that the Hohenzollerns have ever been ambitious—for world empire:

O, what a world of profit and delight
Of power of honor, of omnipotence
Is promised to the studious artizan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command: emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces
Nor can they raise the wind, nor rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this,
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.

Again:

Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please
Resolve me of all ambiguities
Perform what desperate enterprize I will?
. . . . . .
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
[Could the Nietzschean philosophy be better designated with its novel ethical code?]
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings
[The admirable German system of espionage in foreign countries has been unequalled in the history of the world];
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass
[It may be doubted if a nation has ever been better prepared for war than the Germany of to-day],
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring
And men in armor shall appear.
[Germany's military system is based on wide commerce and subtle finance]
And reign sole king in all our provinces.
[Prussian political preëminence.]

Yea stranger engines for the brunt of war,
Than was the fiery keel of Antwerp's bridge,
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.
[The supremacy of the Krupp gun is foretold.]
I'll be great emperor of the world
And make a bridge thorough the moving air
To pass the ocean with a band of men
[Even the promised Zeppelin invasion of England is here foretold and in what follows the ever-present help of the Almighty];
Having thee [the God of the overman] ever to attend on me
To give me whatsoever I should ask
To tell me whatsoever I demand
To slay my enemies and aid my friends
And always be obedient to my will.

Friar Bacon was less the overman. In the play, it is true, he is victorious in a match at magic with one Vandermast, a rival in his art. Vandermast conjures Hercules to appear in person before the assembled court; but Friar Bacon constrains Hercules by his superior power to carry Vandermast home on his back to Vandermast's native Germany. My powers of vaticination do not enable me to figure forth the meaning of this. Perhaps it has to do with commercial jealousy, or English objection to German patent medicines in England. It is notable that Bacon is a humane magician practicing white magic for the welfare of mankind (a clear allusion to the white man's burden) and, when at last his meddling with forbidden things causes evil and his "glass prospective worketh many woes," he abjures his art and "pyromantic spells," and so cheats the devil. None the less in the days when he too was "possessed" Bacon leaves us in no doubt of the precise nature of his political ambition.

I have contrived and framed a head of brass
. . . . . .
And I will strengthen England by my skill
That if ten Cæsars lived and reigned in Rome [here read Berlin]
With all the legions Europe doth contain
They should not touch a grass of English ground.

And now let us leave these old wives' tales and curious parallels of a forgotten lore. I should not have called them forth were it not that, try as we may to turn our backs on this burning world of ours, we cannot take our fascinated and wearied eyes off its intolerable glare. As Americans it is not for us to take sides, for the blood of most of the combatants is flowing in our veins and we are like children distraught in the discord of their own parents. The attitude of the unthinking patriot who cries "My country, right or wrong," is an attitude comprehensible and even commendable in its crude way. The project of conquest to the end that all men shall be of one type, is a thought abhorrent to any liberal mind. He is a strong idealist who can find in broken treaties, desecrated colleges and churches, and the sufferings of thousands of innocent women and children any trace of the glory or the glamour of war. And he is an unhappy reactionary who does not deplore the mediævalism that makes the ambition of one man, or of any group of men, the absolute arbiter of the lives and deaths of thousands of his fellows. One of the saddest things in connection with this war is the failure, in this material age, of the old generosity of a magnanimous foe. Worse than the paralysis of the ordinary activities of life, the destruction of property, worse than the carnage itself, is the envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness in which this war was begotten, and the malice and barbarity with which it has been waged. *Væ victis;* but no less is there everlasting woe to the victor, be he who he may, whose iron heel has trod out the light of civilization, when all is said, only too feebly aglimmer in this world.

The modern overman is a disappointment as we compare him with Faustus, with Prometheus, with Machiavelli in his theories, and with the practices of the Cæsars, Napoleons, and some of the Popes. These devotees of might as the god over right were honestly consistent, treading with ruthless heel on guilt and innocence alike. Never did one of them look backward or downward at the bleeding forms which their victorious tread had marred from the likeness of men; their pitiless eyes were ever forward for new foes or upward in adoration of the terrible god of carnage that led them, whether his name was Moloch, Ares, Mars, or Thor. Our modern overlords are weak in the knees, unstable in faith of their own gods, explanatory in printed books and documented excuses, concerned about the opinion of the brute multitude that happens as yet to be out of the reach of their guns. Marlowe's Faustus, having had his will, took his medicine of damnation like a man; Goethe's Faust contrived by the sinuosities of metaphysics and the admirable quality of his Welt Kultur to have both his will in this world and his salvation in the next. Can it be that our modern evangelists of a higher civilization at the cannon's mouth are not really overmen at all, but only of our own paltry stature, masquerading in the regalia and the pomp of the old heroes of Walhalla?

Correspondence.

THOSE TERRIBLE ENGLISH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The people of the United States having perhaps by this time become conscious that their country is not a British colony, I venture to ask whether it has not occurred to some of them that the sinking of the Lusitania was regarded with complaisance if not actual joy by the English naval authorities. It would have been so easy to protect her—a torpedo boat or two, or even an armed cruiser. And then splendid chance of drawing America into the conflict!

Lest you think this suggestion a monstrous one, I beg you to reflect upon these remarks of Professor Cramb:

"Do we imagine that the other Powers of the Continent see England exactly as England sees itself? England! the successful burglar, who, an immense fortune amassed, has retired from business, and *having broken every law, human and divine,* violated every instinct of honor and fidelity on every sea and on every continent, desires now the protection of the police! . . . So long as England, the great robber state, retains her booty, the spoils of a world, what right has she to expect peace from the nations?"

And Professor Cramb was an Englishman! The italics are my own. Jacques Mayer.

Munich, May 30.

"MAIS ICI . . ."

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the Boston *Transcript* of May 15 there appeared some fragmentary verses in French "found scribbled on a blood-stained scrap of paper in a dead soldier's hand" in a trench, and left unfinished. These few lines seemed to me so genuine, so good, that I attempted to render them into English. Here they are:

BUT HERE . . .

A shrapnel struck me with a mortal blow
And in the mud I lie, awaiting death.
Oh, I had dreamed to breathe my dying breath
In a more beauteous way, but fate not so.
In a mad charge beneath the sun's glad rays
And filled with glory I'd have liked to fall,
My blood tinging with red my soldier's pall,
My heart with wind of victory ablaze.
My casque and cuirass would have been my shroud.
The rush of horses my funereal dirge,
But here . . .

"Mais ici . . ." then hand and heart failed and the unnamed poet-soldier died.

Though much is naturally lost in the translation, let me point out that the spirit of these lines is exactly that of the most popular literary hero of modern France, Rostand's Cyrano de Bergerac, who, in Act 5, Scene 6, says:

"D'un coup d'épée,
Frappé par un héros, tomber la pointe au cœur!" . . .
—Oui, je disais cela! . . . Le destin est railleur!
. . .

Is it that Rostand embodied in his Cyrano so much of the real Frenchman's heroic idealism, or that the obscure French soldier dying in the muddy trench had some vague reminiscences of his "Cyrano"? And is it not a thousand pities that one who could, with such touching simplicity, voice what must be the feeling of thousands, should, like

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his English brother Brooke perish as cannon-fodder?

RUDOLPH ALTROCCHI.

Cambridge, Mass., June 3.

THE FALSE DAWN IN EUROPE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: A naïve optimism concerning world politics obsesses us. Since last August we have heard many high promises for the future from the belligerents: this was to be the war that would end war, give a check to militarism, and lift from the peoples the burden of armaments. A new international order was to arise out of civilization's wreck. Many sanguine Americans have accepted these handsome promises at full face value, apparently, and have looked forward to a purged and pacific Europe. There are not lacking prophets in this country who talk largely of a Universal League of Peace, and a Concert of the Powers, and an International Police Force.

Of such stuff are dreams! It is time we turned aside from beguiling mirages and faced the facts with a candid and, if need be, a cynical eye. It is time we contrasted fair words with deeds. Has either side during these nine months respected any international convention or law when it conflicted with one of its own military projects? Has a single neutral or belligerent right been safe unless defended by force or threat of force? Have terms of peace been hinted at in any Chancellery which promise the healing of old sores or abstinence from the inflicting of new? Is there anything in the temper of either statesmen or public opinions in Europe which foreshadows a settlement wrought in a spirit of forbearance and conciliation rather than in a spirit of self-aggrandizement and revenge? Without qualification, no. The drift of affairs is plain; only an unreasoning partisanship or a fatuous optimism can obscure it.

The actual issue of the conflict does not matter. Neither antagonist can be annihilated, although a decisive defeat is within bounds of possibility. Imagine a battered and exhausted Germany forced to accept the Allies' terms. The text of these terms will be the history of the next half-century. If dictated in good-will and generosity they would form a constitution for world organization. Germany would be placed back within her borders. She would be made to indemnify Belgium, and compelled to sign a new and more definite guarantee of Belgian neutrality. Then she would be invited into a Concert of Europe. But she would not be humiliated or despoiled. The Allies would treat her as a wise father treats a headstrong child who needs to be shown the folly of depredations and fisticuffs. Such a peace might endure.

Precisely such a peace, unless every sign fails, will not be made. The terms, by whichever side imposed, will be as harsh as can be secured. A beaten Germany will be stripped of her colonies. Alsace-Lorraine will be used once more as an international football and snatched from one hand to another without regard to the wishes—now unknown—of the inhabitants. Austria will be left to smart from the loss of a number of provinces. Germany will be compelled to pay a "crushing" indemnity—as futile an instrument for crushing as the indemnity imposed on France after 1870. And all this to what ultimate end? That Germany arm afresh. That Russia continue to marshal and drill her millions. That England seek to perpetuate her world-dominant navy. That Europe remain an armed camp.

Many Americans shrink from so pessimistic a forecast. The greater will be their disappointment in the event! But if, wrapped in a mist of illusory hopes, we cannot bear to contemplate an evil outcome, we should at least understand that just this evil outcome is anticipated by some of the better minds in the Old World. In the March issue of *War and Peace*, an outspoken and able English periodical, this statement is found:

> We started upon the war fully persuaded that its object was to put an end to militarism in Europe, to build up a system of European governments based upon the coöperation of the governed, to establish a society of nations rooted in real law. Any one who cares to watch the development of opinion during six months will see that day by day this ideal has been steadily undermined; writers and public men who first advocated it we now find expressing the purest Prussianism. . . .
>
> Such matters as the claims of Russia at the end of the war, her presence in Constantinople, her control of the Dardanelles, her annexation of Austrian provinces, her failure to give any evidence of the reality of the Liberalization that we had all hoped (it is since the war that the Russification of Finland has been proceeded with, trade union leaders arrested, Bourtseff sent to Siberia, and so forth), the growing likelihood that France will adopt a policy of vengeance in Alsace, the steps that Japan has already taken to establish almost a suzerainty over China, the demands America will undoubtedly make for a greater internationalization of the working of sea power—these and a score of like questions we know nothing about, our public opinion is absolutely incapable of dealing with them. We actually boast that "the nation is of one mind" on all this. But to say of fifty million people on such questions as these that they are of one mind is to say that they are mindless. And in the end our destinies in these and other matters will be settled by a dozen diplomats acting in secret; the future of millions, the issues of civilization for a generation or two, will either be settled over the heads of those concerned as much as though they were cattle upon a farm, or by a wave of popular feeling, provoked fortuitously by some momentarily dramatic incident.

A permanent peace in Europe cannot be wrought by the sword. So long as the Allies seek, as at present, to extort as much from their enemies and cajole as much from each other as possible, all talk of a Concert or a League is merest moonshine. National self-interest is not a strong enough cement to bind together Russia, England, and France for long. And a Concert of Europe which left an armed Germany and Austria outside its pale would be a farce. There can be no happy family if two big brothers are outlawed.

It is difficult, moreover, to see how Germany could be brought into an entente with her opponents. We know clearly enough on what conditions she would insist. Even though in the dust she would demand two assurances: an effective guarantee that she would not be attacked by Russia, and an effective guarantee from England that the seas be neutralized and capture of private property at sea forever be abolished. Public opinion in Germany sounds no ambiguous note. To the accomplishment of these two objects the Teutons have consecrated themselves almost to the last unit. However much more they may desire, they never will be satisfied with less.

This determination will dictate the diplomacy of Germany's statesmen at the settlement. With England she will be implacable. We have heard within a few weeks assurances from high German authorities that she would gladly withdraw from Belgium were England already dealt with—but not otherwise. Belgium as a German province would be a political and economic liability. But Antwerp is a trump in any future game with England. And should the fortunes of war make Germany a partial master of the situation, Antwerp will be retained.

In a word, it will be a *military* settlement. Ethical considerations will be subordinated and even economic interests sacrificed to strategy. Naval bases, coaling stations, fortresses, railway centres—these will be the stakes asked and bargained for. Each nation will play for position in the armed truce which is to follow. It has been well said that this is a "war of mutual fears." Fear, which precipitated the collapse, will write the terms of peace.

All historical prediction is contingent. But unless we love delusion we must face frankly the possibility of a worse Europe rather than a better. This conflict has ruptured a thousand ties of friendship and good-will, and aroused strong and savage passions. Why should any one expect good out of evil—international figs from national thistles? We have been misled by outbursts of energy in single countries into generalizing about Europe as a whole. Any one nation, or indeed each of them, may experience a literary renaissance or a political liberalization after the war. But it does not follow that each national culture will not be embittered or that Europe will not be riven by new hatreds.

World politics distinctly has retrograded. "War," said Disraeli, "is never a solution, it is an aggravation." Only strife is bred from strife. Peace can be prepared for only in times of peace.

ROLAND HUGINS.

Ithaca, N. Y., May 5.

ENGLISH IN COLLEGE.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of April 22, p. 431, you refer, in a brief editorial paragraph, to the measure recently adopted by the Harvard faculty for the, or a, solution of the English problem. Your words are:

> "A standing faculty committee is to be appointed, and 'instructors in all courses will be urged to send to the committee any examination book, thesis, or other piece of work which has demonstrated the writer's inability to express his thought.' The committee will thereupon prescribe additional work in English for the delinquent students."

So far as I can judge the new Harvard plan from the above meagre outline, I venture to say that it is at once unjust and unwise. Perhaps the philosopher will say that the unjust is always unwise and the unwise always unjust. Still, even according to that view, we may distinguish injustice and unwisdom as separate manifestations of one and the same radical evil.

First, for the injustice. The Harvard faculty of English, like its compeers throughout the country, is already worked to death. Now, after it has done its best in the line of personal conferences, blue pencillings, rewriting of themes, etc., it is to be required to do the work all over in a quasi-supplementary course. The department, having already failed, not through its own fault, but through the thick-headedness of the student, is to be required to "try it again," perhaps to keep

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on trying. In all this there is fine irony, which doubtless the reader will detect.

Worse, much worse, however, is the unwisdom of the proposed method. For that method—in fact, every method at present employed for the teaching of English composition in school and in college—is based upon a fatal misconception, namely, that by selecting a few teachers you may throw upon them the whole responsibility for correct normal English expression. The misconception is harmful in two directions: it restricts the work instead of making it universal; in the next place it begets and encourages in the student mind the belief that good English is of use only in the English room, but does not count outside.

Until this misconception is eradicated and a true working principle adopted and enforced, there will be the same tiresome waste of time and effort, the same pitiful sloppy sentences and uncouth diction, whether the writer be in Public School X or Harvard X.

The only true and rational principle is this: Good writing is the business of *every* teacher, instructor, professor. It is his duty to require his students to write adequately in the subject which he teaches, to make them feel that the correct use of words, the writing of clear sentences, is of the very essence of that subject.

For example, a professor of chemistry once said to me: "I'm deadly tired of reading papers that misspell *gass*." To this I answered briefly: "Why pass the papers? Put negatively, why not *condition* them? Why not post a list of the more usual chemical terms and announce that those terms at least must be spelled and used correctly under peril of failure?" My advice seemed to him preposterous; he was professor of chemistry, not of English; his sole concern was with H_2 O_2, NO_6, and the like. And the professor of physical geography complained that his students, after they had, through much toil and tribulation, learned to speak and write of a *crater*, proceeded to discourse of a *strater!*

Every department employs terms peculiar to itself, yet every department is equally concerned in the unity and clearness of sentences. Is the English department the only one qualified to teach unity and clearness? Apparently it is, if I understand the Harvard plan and bear in mind many ludicrous and many painful experiences at Cornell. Let me cite only one. Ten or twelve years ago I had, in my most advanced class, a young woman who was an uncommonly clever writer and thinker. Her expression was, in truth, faultless. After getting the first degree, she became a graduate student, and in three years was Ph.D. Her graduate study was technical. The professor in charge, knowing my strong personal interest in her, let me read her doctoral thesis. I was overwhelmed. The substance was doubtless scientific enough, but in place of lucidity, ease, direct force, all was what I venture to call "technical mush." Yet the professor is a man of rare literary gifts, clear, witty, even brilliant, a man whose company is a pleasurable tonic.

My readers may draw their own inferences; I merely throw out a suggestion in the form of a question: Why this cumbersome plan of a faculty committee to which a department, or an instructor, say in history, shall appeal for a decree prescribing *additional work* in English? Rather, so it seems to me, the instructor should reject the paper on his own responsibility and require rewriting. Thus each department would sweep its own doorstep.

J. M. H.

Cincinnati, April 26.

LIGHT UPON THE WIND.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In your issue of February 25 P. E. M. has this to say of Tennyson's poetry: "Once upon a time there occurred to me the pretty thought, which I no doubt printed somewhere, that Tennyson's world was peculiarly characterized by his use of the word 'wind.'" This is supported, he thinks, by the references to the word in the new Tennyson *Concordance,* in which he finds "some three columns of quotations listed there from the Poems, with about half a column from the Dramas." But is this new doctrine of wind justified of itself?

It will be evident, I think, that only by comparison of one poet with another can we arrive at a true evaluation in such a matter. Comparison, too, is easily possible with some of the more important poets. Tennyson uses the word *wind* 237 times in poems and dramas. We naturally do not expect to find a considerable number of references in the older poets, since theirs was not so largely poetry of the external world. Yet even Shakespeare uses the word 217 times. The natural comparison, however, is with Wordsworth and Shelley, both mentioned in a general way by P. E. M. In Wordsworth there are 180 uses of the word *wind,* or 76 per cent. as many as in Tennyson. If we count compounds, as west-wind, of which none are so written in Tennyson, the number is 185, or 78 per cent. But Wordsworth wrote a smaller body of verse than Tennyson, and any exact comparison should take this into account. This may be done in a fairly accurate way, since both poets are printed in the same type in the Macmillan edition, the old "Globe." The volume of Tennyson contains 878 pages of verse, that of Wordsworth 796. From the former we must subtract some ten pages of notes or title-pages, and from the latter some twenty pages of prose introductions. This leaves 868 pages for Tennyson, and 776 pages for Wordsworth, or 89 per cent. of the former. If, therefore, Wordsworth had written as much verse as Tennyson, and had used the word *wind* as often in proportion as in his present lines, he would have used it 207 times, or within 12 per cent. as many times as Tennyson. It is a question whether 12 per cent. more uses of a single word, as *wind,* can constitute a poetic "world."

But a more striking comparison may be made with Shelley. The Shelley *Concordance* shows 201 examples of lines with the word *wind,* or 89 per cent. as many as in Tennyson. If we add compounds like *wind-built,* as we should, the number is 216, or 91 per cent. But Shelley wrote a much smaller body of poetry than Tennyson. In the "Globe" Shelley there are 684 pages from the first poem to the Notes, with full sixty pages of introductions and notes by Shelley himself or Mrs. Shelley. This leaves 624 pages of verse, or 72 per cent. of Tennyson's. If, therefore, Shelley had written as much verse as Tennyson, and had used *wind* as frequently in proportion as in the verse which he wrote, he would have used the word 300 times, or 26 per cent. oftener than Tennyson. In other words, granting that he did not confine his use of *wind* to certain periods of his poetic life, Shelley did use the word 26 per cent. oftener than Tennyson in the same body of poetry. In proportion to his verse Shelley is, far more than Tennyson, a poet of the "wind" world. It might be contended, perhaps, that Tennyson used the word *wind* in different senses or in different relations from those of other poets, but not more frequently than Shelley, or much more frequently than Shakespeare or Wordsworth.

More important than this, however, is the interpretation of Tennyson's expression "O light upon the wind" ("Passing of Arthur," line 46), in which P. E. M. is almost certainly in error, as is the Baker *Concordance,* in placing the quotation under *light,* the noun. The careful punctuation of Rolfe in the Cambridge edition (1898), "O, light upon the wind," must be correct, at least, in showing that the address is not to *light,* but to *Gawain.* "Light upon the wind" modifies Gawain, and refers to his coming as a ghost "blown upon a wandering wind," or possibly relates to voice, a reference which would not materially alter the meaning. The former seems to have been understood by Sir Bedivere, who says a little further on:

> Light was Gawain in life, and light in death
> Was Gawain, for the ghost is as the man.

In either case the word *light* is not the noun, and so far as this passage is concerned Tennyson's world cannot be "the land of the 'light upon the wind.'"

Oliver Farrar Emerson.

Western Reserve University, May 15.

Notes from the Capital

AN EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

Every crisis in a country's history brings its own problems. The threat of a breach with Germany raised in every one's mind the question of the sufficiency of our defensive armament on land and sea. The approach of the war with Spain in 1898, however, even with the enemy in possession of an important base within a stone's throw of our coast, aroused not nearly so much apprehension about our forts or munitions or available men, as about our ability to finance a serious struggle without temporarily dropping to a paper or at least a silver basis. At the psychological moment, Secretary Gage advertised a bond issue of $200,000,000, insisting, against the judgment of some of his Cabinet colleagues, that the loan should be floated by popular subscription; and, though the interest rate offered was the lowest then known, more than half the amount of the loan was subscribed in sums of $500 and less, while the total subscriptions amounted to nearly a billion and a half of dollars, or seven times as much as the Secretary had called for. Of course, the currency bogeys melted at once into thin air, and the moral effect produced all over the world by this bit of strategy would be hard to describe. The author of it now lives in retirement in southern California, but comes from time to time to Washington, where the recent tension of relations with Germany has revived the memory of his master-stroke.

It was quite in keeping with his general attitude towards himself and his work that Mr. Gage should have declined a gratulatory dinner tendered him by his Chicago friends on the announcement of his having been ap-

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pointed Secretary of the Treasury—not because he was unappreciative of their courtesy, but because he felt that their testimony to his qualifications would have more value after his pubic service had ended than before it had begun. Life had taught him this. He had earned his own living ever since his schoolboy days; and when, at nineteen, he quitted his old home in central New York to seek his fortune in the West, he invaded Chicago with only a few dollars in his pocket and not a single friend who could help him to a start. Having once worked for a while in a small country bank and liked it, he sought employment in the banks of Chicago; but, as it became plain that nobody wanted him, he took a job in a lumber-yard, and was highly delighted when his apprenticeship at loading logs and feeding saws won him promotion to a night-watchman's place, and his success there led to a bookkeeper's desk. It was on the strength of his proved capacity in handling the accounts of the lumber-yard that he was presently offered a similar position in a bank at five hundred a year. The rest is history, all pointing to his conclusion that the best kind of advertising is a record of actual achievement.

There was a great contrast between Mr. Gage and his immediate predecessor at the head of the Treasury. Mr. Carlisle wore the absorbed air of an unworldly student who had been pitchforked into a post of authority in which he found no satisfaction except on its philosophic side; Mr. Gage was the man of large affairs who moved deliberately only because he could accomplish more in that way, and with whom philosophy was more of a pastime than a tool of his trade. Both men were approachable: Carlisle, because it seemed to him a matter of course that he should be, and because, with his natural gentleness, he would not have known how to go about driving any one away; Gage, because publicity acted on him as a tonic. Carlisle was so unsuspicious by temperament that he trusted nearly every one to do what was right, and was often deceived. Gage had the self-confidence that comes from long acquaintance with a world in which the chief end of one man is to get the better of another; and, though he would trust a borrower further on his own judgment of human nature than on the best rating of a commercial agency, he was rarely imposed upon.

As a phrase-maker, Mr. Gage was among the notable men of his day in Washington. Once, it is recalled, when the New York banks threatened to rebel against some official ruling he had made, he took the matter good-naturedly, chuckling softy as he reassured a timorous inquirer with: "Oh, they may wander about a little, just to show their independence; but don't be alarmed—they won't stray so far as to get out of hearing of the Government's dinner-horn!" He was never at a loss for a funny story or a homely simile with which to enforce a point in an argument, and his gestures were quite as characteristic as his remarks, always following rather than accompanying the phrases to which they were to be attached. Describing, for instance, the difficulty of procuring exactly the right man to fill a particular office, he might put it like this: "You can easily find a man who can saw wood"—a brief pause, and then, with the two hands, the motions of a wood-sawyer—"or play the piano"—another pause, and then the imitation of striking chords and running scales on a keyboard—"or copy figures into a book"—a third pause, followed by the up-and-down motions of an accountant's hand wielding a pen—"but it is quite another thing to find one who can" perform such-and-such duties satisfactorily.

To this day, Mr. Gage retains the half-shy manner which has always distinguished him from the "climbers" in public life who are aggressively sociable for the purpose of courting popularity. Many persons, meeting him for the first time, mistake this manner for coldness, and show more or less resentment at it. No man was ever less cold by nature than he. On the contrary, he has the kind of affectionateness which binds to him with hooks of steel all those who prove worthy of his confidence and are ready to exchange friendship for friendship. But there never was any shyness about his anger with any one, big or little, famous or obscure, who dared to abuse his good faith.

VIEILLARD.

Literature

THE VATICINATIONS OF PROFESSOR USHER.

Pan-Americanism: A Forecast of the Inevitable Clash between the United States and Europe's Victor. By Roland G. Usher. New York: The Century Co. $2 net.

It is in the prophetic vein that Mr. Usher most abounds; his "Pan-Germanism" has given him a wide popular reputation as a seer in the domain of *Weltpolitik*—a reputation only imperfectly justified by recent events—and he has lost no time in again ascending the tripod. The present volume is expressly announced as a prediction of "what is most likely to happen to America after the war." Neither the author on his title-page, nor the publishers in their advertisements, have left anything undone to produce the impression that the prophecy is both definite and sensational: there is to be an "inevitable clash" between the United States and the Power which emerges triumphant from the present war. It is the Monroe Doctrine, one is given to understand, which is to involve us in this conflict. The reader, therefore, naturally begins the book expecting to find it offering evidence for the conclusion that some European country has designs of territorial expansion in South America. And this is quite unequivocally the conclusion which Mr. Usher at the outset indicates that he proposes to establish. It is with the "doctrine" by which "the United States obligates itself to preserve intact the Western Hemisphere from European aggression," that "the victor will inevitably clash" (p. 6).

Yet the principal argument of the volume follows a wholly different course, though nominally to the same conclusion. The occasion of our future war with "Europe's victor" is to be quite other than has been predicted by imaginations less ingenious than Mr. Usher's. No European Power, he repeatedly contends, has any adequate motive for seeking territorial gains or political dominance in Latin America:

> The political independence of South America seems as well assured as that of the United States, and as little in danger from Europe. The South Americans do not dread any such eventuality (p. 399).

Even in his chapter on "Probabilities of German Aggression" Mr. Usher takes pains to explain that "no conquest by arms would be desired" by Germany, "no military rule of any sort would be expedient"; her only aspiration would be for some kind of preferential tariff "which would be as profitable to South Americans as to Germans." How, then, the reader asks, can the maintenance of the Monroe Doctrine require us to fight a nation so innocent of aggressive purposes?

The answer is to be found in Mr. Usher's singular conception of the "true meaning of the Monroe Doctrine." He assures us that—though he scarcely tells us why—that doctrine is synonymous with expansion, militarism, and imperialism (pp. 402-3):

> Its prerequisites include the establishment of our independence of the sea power, both in the Atlantic and the Pacific, by the development of a great navy and a great merchant marine, the one large enough to terrorize England, Germany, and Japan, the other sufficient to transport the whole volume of our foreign trade. . . . A further indispensable military measure would be the occupation of Mexico and Central America, in order to assure ourselves of the land approaches to the Panama Canal (p. 403).

In other words, to uphold the Monroe Doctrine will compel us to "quarrel with our best friends in Europe," in order to render to the Latin-Americans a pretended assistance which they neither need nor desire. In short, "it means only one thing: war with Europe's victor in the first place, and with South America in the second place." And this last will involve us in "a series of campaigns requiring years for completion," for the purpose of "subduing each of the Latin states separately." Thus, war will come, not because we are compelled "to defend the Western Hemisphere against European aggression," but because Europe will feel compelled to defend the rest of the Western Hemisphere against *our* aggression! "Far from its being true that Pan-Americanism is in danger from Europe, the probabilities seem to indicate that it is the United States which is about to be assailed by Europe in the interests of Latin America" (p. 316).

Such are the singular premises through which Mr. Usher reaches his most alarming prediction. But it is sufficiently manifest that these premises can justify such a prediction only with the aid of a further but tacit premise: that our people and Government may be expected to embark upon a career of military adventure and reckless expansion which would in the maximum degree combine folly with unscrupulousness. The conflict which Mr. Usher proclaims as inevitable, he at the same time seeks to show to be not even probable, unless, indeed, we all go mad together. For his language

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frequently indicates that he himself regards the strange programme which he labels "the Monroe Doctrine" as both impracticable and morally repugnant.

It is true that the author also declares that the Monroe Doctrine must be maintained; "its fundamental principles we cannot abandon without sacrificing all that is vital to our national integrity and our national honor" (p. 395). But this is merely a manifestation of a distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Usher's method, whether as prophet, historian, or publicist. He is wont to affirm equally categorically both alternatives upon most of the questions which he discusses. Few writers have attained so remarkable a complacency in self-contradiction. There is room for only a few additional examples. On page 136 the reader learns that "the military and naval probabilities indicate" as the outcome of the war "a naval victory over England," and "a qualified victory on land and sea by Germany and Austria, sufficient to compel their enemies to conclude peace on terms favorable to Germany." But thirty pages later, when Mr. Usher is engaged in dressing up the hobgoblin of a possible war with England, it is apparently Great Britain which figures as "the power most likely to be the victor in this war." On the former page, again, we are told that the qualified German triumph which is to be expected will "be the very situation which the United States has most to fear"; on page 410, however, we are more consolingly assured that the partial victory which will probably end the present conflict will produce no "situation dangerous to the United States." On page 7 Mr. Usher dilates upon the Quaker-like rôle of America among the nations: "the foundation of our wealth and greatness lies in no sense in aggression, conquest, or spoliation." But in a subsequent chapter he recognizes that the war through which we obtained an empire exceeding in extent and value the territory of Germany, England, France, and Austria-Hungary combined, was an "aggression" inspired by "the insatiable demand for new land."

Mr. Usher seems not unaware that his reasonings usually come to no unambiguous issue; but he pleads in extenuation that he holds no brief for any conclusion with respect to the questions raised, and he begs his readers not to tax him with inconsistency until they are sure that the conflicting statements represent his own views. But the fact is that he gives the reader, as a rule, no means of judging what his views are. He apparently makes one side of a contradiction as much his own as the other side. What for the most part he offers is, not a critical comparison of considerations *pro* and considerations *contra*, but a series of dogmatic and seemingly equally conclusive affirmations which are in blank opposition to one another. With historians, and with writers who desire to influence public policy, this method is unusual; but with prophets it does not wholly lack precedent. For it is a way of insuring a sort of prophetic infallibility. Whatever the future may bring forth, it is unlikely to bring forth anything which Mr. Usher has not somewhere "forecast."

Clearly, it is scarcely a fair game which Mr. Usher plays with his public. He permits his book to be advertised in the most sensational manner as containing explicit and startling predictions; he himself incorporates such predictions in his title and chapter-headings; yet, in fact, he for the most part avoids choosing between alternative possibilities, and for nearly every event that he prognosticates, prognosticates also its opposite. He has apparently been desirous of performing simultaneously the rôles of Cassandra and Gamaliel.

The sort of elaborate irrelevancy which has been seen illustrated in Mr. Usher's discussion of the Monroe Doctrine—which in his hands becomes a policy that no sane person now supports or is ever likely to support—is also exemplified in the disquisition on "Pan-Americanism" which forms a large part of the volume. The Pan-Americanism in question is purely and avowedly a figment of the author's imagination; it consists in a scheme for a single Federal Republic of North and South America, which (pp. 212-217) it is admitted that nobody proposes or desires to realize—"the possible creation of something which never existed and which does not now exist," and which, it must be added, almost certainly never will exist. Yet Mr. Usher gravely proceeds to point out at length the "fallacies" of this non-existent project. Upon this matter, however, he at least takes a single and definite position; and in the course of his argument he says some pointed things concerning the assumption of a unity of interests between the Americas, as against Europe.

Contemporary history Mr. Usher continues to write with a bold, free hand, untrammelled by any feeling of obligation to support his statements with evidence; but there is nothing in the present book equal to the mare's nest of an Anglo-American alliance, his discovery of which was reported in "Pan-Germanism." We are, however, told with considerable detail of a definite agreement or bargain by which England "handed over to the United States the actual control of American waters, and, in particular, of the Gulf of Mexico," in exchange for "an understanding as to the ways in which the United States should use its control of American waters and for an amicable agreement which would probably lead to close economic relations with the United States." Is this merely a "heightened and telling way" of summarizing the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty, or is it the disclosure of another of those diplomatic secrets which are known to Mr. Usher alone?

Yet—be it said in spite of all this—the book is one which most Americans may read not without profit. For it does, after all, convey with effectiveness something that the average American lacks, but will hereafter greatly need—a lively sense of the interdependence of the fortunes of various nations, of the interlacing of their political and economic problems, and of the impossibility of understanding either the past or the present history of America without some acquaintance with the larger workings of international forces.

CURRENT FICTION.

The Scarlet Plague. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Mr. London has several times, in "The Iron Heel" and elsewhere, dealt in that sort of novelized prophecy (for even prophecy is novelized in these days, on its way to "the pictures") of which "Looking Backward" is the great original. Mr. Wells has taken his brilliant turn at it; indeed, it has been so thoroughly "exploited" in various quarters that we ought to be able by now to demand special cause for further use of it. There are really only two things which the prophetic romancer can do with the future. He can show humanity advanced to Utopia or lapsed to barbarism. Mr. Wells chooses, for the most part, the former vision. Mr. London chooses the latter. In "The Iron Heel" he pictures an America ruled by a brutal and pitiless oligarchy, shaken from time to time by bloody insurrections of the enslaved people, but avenging itself by slaughter on a vast scale, and keeping the whip-hand by power of wealth. In the present tale he has one new idea—that of a method by which even the power of brute wealth may be brought to naught. This would be by the development of some totally new germ, deadly beyond precedent, and so quick in its action as to defeat science. The germ is isolated and a serum found, but not in time to save the world. The tale is told by one of the few who, for cause unexplained, have been immune to the disease. In the space of sixty years they have lapsed into savagery, so that the story-teller's skin-clad grandchildren are incredulous of his account of a civilized world. The narrative has, as it were, a sort of off-hand vividness; the writer himself is not particularly interested in it, and, indeed, it lacks even such human quality as belonged to "The Iron Heel." It is bad enough to be called upon to follow a long series of events in which society is the loathed villain; it is next to impossible to warm to the dastardly work of a microbe, though the idea, as an idea, is amusing enough.

The Miracle of Love. By Cosmo Hamilton. New York: George H. Doran Co.

"You've neither of you run straight for nothing," cries horsey Aunt Emily, in triumph, at the end of this tale. "'You've brought about the altogether unexpected, and your reward is in having each other. I've had a present of money from the man whose wife I'm going to be that I've put into the family. There's no longer any need for you to sell yourself. You're your own master.' . . . Clive turned, gave a hungry cry, caught Helena into his arms, and in the midst of the unseeing crowd . . . held her against his heart and kissed her soul."

The Clive who performs this uncommon

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feat is a duke. Helena is a duchess. They have been wedded before God since the beginning of time, or somewhat earlier, but unluckily, when they meet in the flesh, Helena has been sold by a mercenary father to the wrong duke, one of those debauchees so frequently to be encountered in ducal circles. The noble pair of lovers struggle against their passion, but are on the eve of flight together when the death of Clive's older brother, which is arranged by motor, makes Clive a duke, and endows him with a Duty. This Duty, which nobody challenges, is to marry for money and restore the fortunes of his impoverished house. He tries for an American heiress, whose father is a fine fellow in Mr. Hamilton's eyes, and who is quite willing to sell his daughter to a duke. But Clive has a fishy eye for all but Helena, and the heiress does not care for fish. Nevertheless, when she has broken off the affair, though Helena's original duke is now handily dead, Clive is in no better case. Helena has been disinherited, and is therefore not eligible for a duke with a Duty. He is about to have another look in the matrimonial market, when the arrangement outlined by Aunt Emily in the passage quoted above clears the atmosphere for love, duty, and the voice that still breathes o'er Eden. Than this plot, it will be perceived, there is nothing more British in Trollope. A modern note is introduced in various episodes presenting passion as she is made in post-Victorian England.

Mary Moreland. By Marie Van Vorst. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The American business woman grows in favor as romantic heroine. In bald terms, this is the familiar story of the business man who falls in love with his stenographer. Mary Moreland, to be sure, is beautiful and virtuous beyond the stenographic average. The employer, Maughm, is unhappily married to one of those little tin Hedda Gablers who throng the pages of recent fiction, and whom one sometimes almost meets in real life. Maughm longs for children, but she cares only for bridge, cigarettes, and the proper thing. So at least it appears; though she is understood by the author to be desperately in love with the husband she flouts and opposes at every turn. So, after Mary Moreland has been in his employ five years, Maughm, in his loneliness, turns to her for consolation. She, for her part, has long loved him, without knowing it. His declaration opens her eyes, and for a moment she is tempted to meet his desires. But she is not that kind of a girl, and is then and several times later saved by some inner resistant force from herself and her lover. Finally the wife is converted from her selfishness by Mary's magnanimity, and atones by the death of a martyr; which leaves Maughm and his Mary free to become all they should be to each other. Whatever tinge of power the story may have lies in the portrait of Mary—a species of twentieth-century Clarissa, rewarded for her virtue in due season as all Clarissas be.

The Lady Aft. By Richard Matthews Hallet. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

Whatever of story and incident may be lacking, there is certainly salt of the sea in this volume. A young lawyer's clerk, carrying marine affidavits down Dover Street, smells it, and the whiff thereof so goes to his head that incontinently he ships as able-bodied seaman aboard an ocean-going hooker. Whither the hooker is bound neither he nor the crew knows, and at the end of the book the reader is left in equal innocence. That, however, does not particularly matter, nor does the fact that the "stiff" (so in the parlance of the sea are described young men who may be able-bodied but are not seamen) and the "Lady Aft" are left on the last page embracing rapturously in an unknown latitude and longitude. Nor yet are we more than faintly moved by the mysterious "man in the forepeak," who was in love with the "Lady Aft" and chose to demonstrate his affection by leading a precarious existence as a stowaway. What holds the interest is the realistic chronicle of life in the forecastle of a hooker—the conversation of the crew, their quarrels, their grumblings, their fatalism, their proneness to obsessions of one kind and another. There is little of the romance of the sea here presented, and the picture is for the most part an unlovely one, though the narration is extraordinarily vivid and interesting; and while the "stiff" was apparently rewarded for his aberration of intellect by the love of a beautiful lady, his experiences are not such as to encourage other lawyer's clerks who happen to grow tired of marine affidavits to emulate his example. Besides, a "Lady Aft" is not part of the complement of every hooker.

THE DRIFT TOWARDS THE NEW REALISM.

American Thought: From Puritanism to Pragmatism. By Woodbridge Riley. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $1.50 net.

Mr. Riley writes as a professor in an American college, much concerned with the guerrilla warfare that is going on among the various sects in our philosophical faculties, to their own great satisfaction, and as a wholly or half-convinced partisan of the youngest and most obstreperous of these sects. From that position much of the good and much of the inadequacy of his present work may be explained. One would expect from such a writer fully adequate insistence on those elements in American thought in the past which lead directly to the particular battle in which he is engaged; one would expect comparative neglect of all movements which, in appearance at least, do not contribute to the immediate questions at issue in the American Philosophical Association; one would expect to find some great men of the past treated cavalierly and some small men of the present treated very generously; one would expect to meet with a keen destructive analysis applied to all but one of the modern sects, with, at the same time, full recognition of their importance in the actual field of interest; finally, one would expect to see this critical faculty suddenly sinking into complete abeyance when the favored sect is approached. And all these things are patent in Mr. Riley's book. The scientific activity of this country in so far as it leads up to the present position of pragmatism and realism is followed lucidly and learnedly. The great religious questions, which have engaged so many of the strongest minds of America, are treated scantily and, one is tempted to say, with scant knowledge. More space is indeed given to Jonathan Edwards dead than to Professor Pitkin living, but in the realm of significant thought the former, if one judged from the drift of this history, is less important than the latter. The romantic idealism of Royce, and the various pragmatism of Peirce, Dewey, and James, are discussed at length and searchingly, the strength and final inadequacy of each system being exposed with something like masterly skill. The record ends with this panegyric of the programme of the favored sect:

> We leave the new realism in this its hopeful state. Its motto might be this: New worlds for old. In place of a disheartening idealism, which makes things in themselves undiscoverable, unless by the aid of an Absolute, it puts a world of actuality. In place of those speculative mountain peaks covered with the fogs of the phenomenal, it points to valleys of decision, whose soil is deep and whose crops are rich.

So. Not a word as to the palpable absurdities and easily detected evasions in the programme of the six rebels and their new realism. Considerable space, for instance, is given to Professor Marvin's attempt to emancipate metaphysics from epistemology, yet nothing is said to indicate that this boasted emancipation rests on so bald a sophistry as the substitution of increase of knowledge for explanation of the nature of knowledge. These qualities of Mr. Riley's work are typical, we are bound to add, of much of the philosophical instruction in American colleges. It is (largely, not entirely) a kind of game of words kept up among a certain group of scholars for their own amusement.

> The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.

Meanwhile, one quality of Mr. Riley's book might not be expected from these conditions. He has read widely in old American journals, and gone carefully through the works of such ancient worthies of science as Dr. Benjamin Rush, with the consequence that he is often able to give life to a question or discussion which for most of the world is dead and forgotten. Notable in this respect is his treatment of the Scottish philosophy so long regnant at Princeton, and his discrimination of the currents of thought that flowed to the North and to the South in the revolutionary era.

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In dealing with Emerson he is sympathetic, but his generalizations are here not always perfectly clear and convincing. "Transcendentalism," he says, "summed up in itself the marks of all three centuries—the faith of the seventeenth, the reason of the eighteenth, the feeling of the nineteenth." That is a pretty generalization, but fanciful at bottom, and the space given to expounding and justifying it might well have been spared for a more careful exposition of the relation of the movement with New England theology. If, however, Mr. Riley leaves something to be desired here in his treatment of sources, he is admirable in his discussion of the relation of New England transcendentalism with its German kin. We think he is right in seeking the origin of the movement mainly in old and new springs of thought in England, though possibly, in his zeal for the actual document, he a little underestimates those elusive forms of influence which passed from German romanticism to England and even to this country before the recipients were themselves aware of the fact. For the strong and direct infiltration of Kant's and Hegel's ideas into American thinking Professor Riley looks to the St. Louis school of Brockmeyer, Harris, and Snider, to whom he gives certainly all the credit due to their somewhat amorphous labors.

Probably to most readers the really valuable portion of the book will be the chapters on Royce, Peirce, Dewey, and James. In particular, we do not remember to have read anything better on the pragmatists, to whom the author stands close enough to be appreciative and from whom he is distant enough to be critical. But his treatment of this theme is already condensed and would suffer greatly from further condensation in a review. It is a pity the volume did not close on this critical note.

COLOSSAL BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. With Their Ancestors and Immediate Family. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. Two Vols. New York: The Emmet Press. $10 net.

The movement for freeing Ireland from political control at Whitehall and Westminster was continuous from the American Revolution to the outbreak of the present war. It began in 1781, with the successful agitation led by Grattan for the repeal of Poynings's law, and went on with an occasional short interval until the act for restoring the Irish Parliament, on a new model, received the royal assent on September 18, 1914. Until Parnell came on the scene in 1875—in fact, until Parnell reached his greatest power in 1886-1890—no names in Irish history, not excepting either Grattan or O'Connell, stood out more distinctly or were more venerated by Irishmen in Ireland and the world over than those of Robert and Thomas Addis Emmet. The position of both these men, of whom Dr. Emmet has written the most elaborate and detailed biography ever issued from an American or an English press, was due not so much to what they directly achieved, as in the case of Grattan and O'Connell, as to what they were in character, what they attempted, and what they sacrificed for the Irish nationalism to which they were committed. It was the inspiration the Emmets gave—and this is especially true of Robert Emmet—to three generations of Irishmen of the Nationalist movement that explains much of their abiding fame; for both the Emmets were active in Irish revolutionary politics for singularly short periods. With the exception of Allen, Larkin, and Gould, whose fame rests solely on the Fenian outbreak at Manchester in 1867, the Emmets were actively prominent in Nationalist politics for a shorter time than any other men of the movement whose names are enshrined in Irish tradition and Irish history.

The elder Emmet, who was born in 1764, was not admitted to the Irish bar until 1790. His public political life can scarcely be said to have begun until October, 1792, when he associated himself with the committee in Dublin that was agitating for Catholic enfranchisement. He was of the rebellion of 1798, and was arrested for his part in it in March, 1798. A year later—March 30, 1799—he, with other state prisoners, was transferred from Kilmainham jail to Fort George, Scotland. He went as an exile to Brussels, and thence to Paris in the summer of 1802, and reached New York, where he lived for the rest of his life, in November, 1804. His active political career in Ireland consequently extended only over a little less than six years.

The younger brother, Robert Emmet, had a public political career in Ireland that was even shorter than that of Thomas Addis Emmet. He was only twenty when imprisonment ended the Irish career of his brother; and Dr. Emmet, in his fifty years of painstaking research, has found no evidence that Robert Emmet was connected with the rebellion of 1798. He was in attendance at the last sitting of the Irish House of Commons; but in 1801-1802 he was in Switzerland and France. It was October, 1802, before he left Paris for Ireland; and it was March, 1803, before he was engaged in active preparations for the abortive rising out of which his world-wide fame developed. The rising, remembered to-day chiefly for Robert Emmet's prominent and responsible part in it, for the quite unprovoked and brutal murder of Kilwarden, and for the part played by government spies, came on July 23. From that day until August 25 Emmet was in hiding and deep in the romance with Sarah Curran which was to do so much to keep Emmet's memory green with Irishmen and with all lovers of the romantic. He was examined at Dublin Castle on August 20, tried at Green Street Court House on September 19, and executed at the scene of the assassination of Lord Kilwarden, in Thomas Street, on September 20, 1803. Less than a year had elapsed between Robert Emmet's departure from Paris and his execution.

The services of the Emmet brothers in Ireland to the Nationalist cause did not extend altogether over more than seven years. Two quarto volumes, one of 589 pages and the other of 644 pages, seem more than ample as biographies of men whose actual political services, however stirring, were comprised within such a short period of time. Morley's Life of Gladstone is only about half the length of these biographies of the Emmets; and the Monypenny-Buckle Life of Disraeli, when complete, is not to be much longer than Morley's Gladstone. But neither of these English biographies was written by a man who was in any way related to the subjects of them, and it is obvious all through these minutely detailed biographies of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet that family history and tradition, and pride in family achievements and fame, have greatly influenced the length and detail of Dr. Emmet's colossal work.

The standpoint from which Dr. Emmet approached what to him must have been a congenial and absorbing task is made clear at several places in the historical preface, as well as by the aphorisms, printed in heavy-faced type, which are scattered through the two volumes with a profusion that is almost distracting. A quotation from the preface will serve to indicate Dr. Emmet's point of view, and will also show where, in the long struggle between Ireland and England, the sympathies of the biographer of the Emmets lie. "The author," he writes, on the opening page of the preface, "as an American of Irish descent, offers no apology for the views he expresses in this work; his convictions are as of the warp in the construction of cloth; the fabric would be worthless were it omitted. He claims little originality and no responsibility for the views held by him, bred as they are in the bone. His utterance of them is but a reflection of what would be said by his father, grandfather, great-uncle, and great-grandfather were they living."

Elsewhere in the preface Dr. Emmet shows plainly his hostility towards England, an attitude that is frequently manifested as he tells the stories of Thomas Addis and Robert Emmet. Many students of Irish history, even those who are drawn towards the Emmets, and who sympathize with the movement with which their names will always be associated, will object to Dr. Emmet's point of view, and to his conception of England's attitude towards Ireland and the rest of the world during the last half-century. To some students also there are conclusions arrived at by Dr. Emmet which will be as difficult of acceptance as his conception of British policy. But students for whom Irish revolutionary history has a fascination will not object too strenuously either to the personal and topographical detail, or to the enormous volume of documentary data which characterize the biographies of the Emmets. Much of the detail is undoubtedly interesting, when one becomes accus-

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tomed to the framework; and the completeness with which Dr. Emmet has done his work is in keeping with his zeal for the Irish cause, and with his pride in the achievements of the first two members of the family who made the name of Emmet famous outside Ireland.

A PRUSSIANIZED AMERICAN.

The European War of 1914: Its Causes, Purposes, and Probable Results. By John William Burgess. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1 net.

For Professor Burgess the causes of the war are perfectly clear. "They are . . . the determination of Russia to dominate the Balkan lands and to extend her empire to the Bosphorus, the Ægean, and the Adriatic; the determination of France to make conquest of Elsass-Lothiringen, and the determination of Great Britain to repress the political, industrial, and commercial growth of Germany." There is a promise that these statements will be demonstrated. The demonstration consists merely in manifold reiteration of the accusation. Or perhaps Professor Burgess asks us to take the Kaiser's word for it. The Kaiser has entered upon the war "under the firm conviction that Great Britain, France, and Russia have conspired to destroy Germany as a world power. . . . For seven years I myself have witnessed the growth of this conviction in his mind and in that of the whole German nation."

Throughout the book one is asked to accept the state of mind of the German nation, its estimate of the intentions of other Powers as incontrovertible fact. This attitude is pardonable in an eager partisan. What is not pardonable in a scholar is the suppression and perversion of available evidence. Not infrequently Professor Burgess's special pleading takes this ugly form. He actually leaves the impression that the Anglo-Prussian *ad interim* agreement of 1870 annulled the treaty of 1839 concerning the neutralization of Belgium, whereas, on the contrary, the temporary agreement expressly reaffirmed the old treaty. He holds that the military conversations between England and Belgium concerning a possible aggression by Germany prove that Belgium was false to her neutrality. The evidence of Belgium's entire correctness in this negotiation has been published, but Professor Burgess has not seen fit to retract a suspicion prematurely asserted, on incomplete evidence, as a fact.

Professor Burgess is as tortuous as he is dogmatic. By a marvel of mystification he represents the British Parliamentary rule as something like an absolutism, while in comparison the German Imperialism is relatively restricted and liberal. Naturally the reader gets no hint of the impotence of the Reichstag, nor yet of the expedients by which the Kaiser controls the all-powerful Bundesrath, nor yet of the electoral system in virtue of which Prussia, ruled by a small percentage of her wealthier citizens, virtually rules the Empire. Such serious and discreditable suppression of essential evidence is characteristic of the entire work. There is nothing of disinterested scholarship in it, just a shrewd and lawyer-like plea. Since the author is after all a distinguished scholar, his derogation must be painful and humiliating to his colleagues.

The reason for such a phenomenon may be divined from a mere stylistic analysis of the passage we have quoted. For Professor Burgess Alsace-Lorraine is Elsass-Lothiringen, and the French aspiration thither is "to make a conquest." His vocabulary is as Prussian as his thinking. His mind has palpably been remade in Germany, to what advantage or disadvantage the reader may judge.

THE QUEEN OF THE ANTILLES.

The French Revolution in San Domingo. By T. Lothrop Stoddard. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

In the year 1789 the western third of the island of San Domingo formed the most prosperous and precious of the overseas possessions of France. The greater part of its rich soil was covered with huge plantations, which were worked by slave gangs and supplied half of Europe with sugar, coffee, and cotton. Its wealth was rapidly increasing with the inflow of French capital and under intelligent French administration. It furnished three-fourths of the 218,000,000 livres of imports into France from her American colonies. It had the predominant share in maintaining the fleet of a thousand ships and fifteen thousand French sailors trading with the colonies. It had a busy population numbering nearly forty thousand whites, ten times that number of slaves, and some twenty-seven thousand "free people of color," mostly mulattoes. Well might the French of that day praise it as "La Reine des Antilles." By 1804 all this was changed. The white population had been wiped off completely in a series of massacres of indescribable ferocity. The barren Black Republic of Hayti had succeeded the fruitful French colony of San Domingo. The old prosperity was gone never to return. Half-civilized Africans (more than half the negroes in San Domingo in 1789 had been born in the wilds of Guinea or the Congo), under a burning sun, and without any of the needs and desires of Europeans, could not be expected to be as industrious as were those in the old régime.

The story of the fifteen years which witnessed this transformation is excellently told by Mr. Stoddard. His book shows something of the feeling for the picturesque and the dramatic which made his father's lectures so famous. He has fingered some of the manuscripts in the French archives which deal with this period, but he is able to rely mainly on good French and German monographs which have appeared in recent years. The value of his book is that it is the only constructive account in English which describes the complex structure of the old colonial society, bound by custom and caste, and then shows how blind and hopeless was the attempt of the Jacobin theorists at Paris to introduce liberty and equality. It is a clear but sad narrative of one of the first great conflicts between the ideals of white supremacy and race equality. It is an episode in the problem which the twentieth century still has before it in some parts of the world. In the case of San Domingo, be it said, the planters were partly to blame in bringing misfortunes on themselves. When the Revolution broke over the mother-country the planters clamored for representation in the National Constituent Assembly, and so brought colonial questions to an issue in Paris and roused a bitter and disruptive clash of opinions in San Domingo itself. Mr. Stoddard believes that if the great planter aristocracy had held together and consistently backed the Government, it could certainly have kept the island peaceful. With no news from San Domingo to excite discussion, in the tumult of great events at Paris, colonial questions would probably have been overlooked or hushed up by a little clever manipulation. As a matter of fact, a policy very like this was actually carried out by the colonists of Ile-de-France and Bourbon, with the result that these colonies escaped the woes of the West Indian islands.

Of Toussaint Louverture, says the author, "extremely little first-class material exists, and practically everything written about him is of such doubtful value that his figure seems destined to remain forever shrouded in the haze of legend and tradition." Certain it is, however, that he was a full-blooded negro with no trace of white or mulatto blood. He learned to read and to write Créole French, though so imperfectly as to be scarcely intelligible to Frenchmen. Soon after the outbreak of the great slave uprising in August, 1791, Toussaint, being then nearly fifty years old, entered Spanish service, became the leader of several hundred well-armed and fanatically devoted negroes, and fought against the soldiers of the French Republic. Then, in April, 1794, with the extraordinary duplicity which was the most striking trait of his character, he suddenly massacred all the Spanish soldiers under his orders, and, with fervent professions of Republican faith, led his four thousand blacks over to the side of the French. Mr. Stoddard then shows how he bound the other black chiefs to his cause, duped the French civil commissioners who tried to dupe him, and gradually succeeded in eliminating all French power from the island. He was just beginning to restore some semblance of order and authority when Leclerc descended with twenty thousand French troops to execute Napoleon's will. Leclerc has been much blamed for failing to reëstablish French control; but when one sees Mr. Stoddard's picture of the yellow fever, of the anger caused by Napoleon's decision to re-impose slavery, and of the difficulties described in Leclerc's own luminous dispatches, one wonders that he did as well as he did.

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Notes

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce the forthcoming publication of "The Complete Jujitsuan," by W. H. Garrud; "The Tollhouse," by Mrs. St. Ledger, and "From the Shelf," by Paxton Holgar.

"Michael O'Halloran," by Gene Stratton-Porter, will be published on August 17 by Doubleday, Page & Co.

The following volumes are announced for publication by G. P. Putnam's Sons: "An Art Philosopher's Cabinet," by George Lansing Raymond; "The War of 1914," by Emil Waxweiler; "Zoölogy," by A. E. Shipley (third edition, revised and enlarged).

In "The Monroe Doctrine: National or International?" (Putnam; 75 cents net) Prof. William I. Hull, of Swarthmore, collects three addresses delivered within the past two years. They involve a certain overlapping and repetition, but their theme is one. It is that the Monroe Doctrine has become a perilous development for the United States; and that, as there is no likelihood of its being cut down or abandoned, the true American policy is to seek to give it an international status. That there are great difficulties in the way of this, Professor Hull is fully aware; but to his mind it is the only sure solution of a problem which he is confident will become increasingly acute. In his preface he links the matter with the present war and its possible outcome, affirming that in the coming world-state it will make for "the promotion of peace and justice" if the United States will "convey to the representatives of the family of nations the rights and duties pertaining to the Monroe Doctrine." This is confessedly a long look ahead, but Professor Hull treats the subject in a way that is not the less suggestive for his brevity.

Mr. Alexander Mackintosh's "Joseph Chamberlain" was first published in 1906. He now publishes a new edition (G. H. Doran Co.; $3 net), with added chapters covering Mr. Chamberlain's last years and death. He rather aggressively calls his book "An Honest Biography," but by this he means only that he presents fairly the various stages of a public career that had at least the charm of being a puzzle in its contradictions. As these were manifested in Mr. Chamberlain's speeches, Mr. Mackintosh exhibits them to the reader in a topical series of opposite utterances. But their author never cared a snap of his finger for consistency. He gloried in wreaking himself upon the thing in hand with slight regard to what he had said or done in the past. His immense energy and wonderful organizing skill he put at the service of different causes and parties, caring little how one could be made to dovetail with another. He was a great elemental force in English public life, and it is open to his friends to maintain that the end would have crowned the work had not a long and disabling illness thrown his final hopes and plans into the shadow. For his full biography—if not for a satisfactory clearing up of his motives and purposes in all that he did—we must wait. His relations with Gladstone, which John Morley in the Life of that statesman touched with discreet hand; his real connection with Parnell and Irish Home Rule, as to which only fragmentary glimpses have been given by Barry O'Brien and Mr. Labouchere; the whole truth about his negotiations with Kruger, and the inner history of his surprising campaign against English free trade—for light on all these things we must look to the future ransacking of official archives and the publication of Mr. Chamberlain's political correspondence.

"The Modern Army in Action" (McBride, Nast; $1.50 net), by Major-Gen. J. F. O'Ryan and Capt. W. D. A. Anderson, is frankly what the French call an *ouvrage de vulgarisation*. The authors tell us in their introduction that it has been written at the request of the publishers to meet "an intelligent and widespread public demand for a work of this character." If this be true, the sign should be welcomed, for certainly if there is one subject of which the American public is to-day crassly ignorant, that subject is the modern army. Of necessity untechnical, this book undertakes to give the every-day reader a plain and simple explanation of the expression that forms its title. This is no easy task. The modern army is a complex organism; hence, the need in the present case of avoiding technicalities on the one hand, without falling into spineless generalities on the other, imposes conditions all the more severe because we may not take for granted in our land that general knowledge of armies which is common property in Germany or France. Capt. Anderson is responsible for four of the sixteen chapters, those describing the German and the British systems of training and the fundamental subjects of mobilization and transportation. The main part of this book is therefore due to Gen. O'Ryan, who opens with a chapter, not on strategy, but on the genesis of strategy. We take it that in doing this he has a moral purpose in view: to suggest that the ultimate cause of war lies in the primal instinct of self-interest. The reader must draw his own conclusions. An international court of arbitration is repudiated as a "dependable agency"; for, even if created, an international force could not be trusted to execute its decrees. Ground less debatable, perhaps, is occupied in the exposition of war and preparations therefor; the possibility of war once admitted, the most sincere pacifist must agree with the really significant passages of this portion of the book: for example, that "an aggregation of individuals hastily organized into military units, and later grouped into large commands," cannot be seriously regarded as an army. The average citizen will find in Capt. Anderson's four chapters an elementary, but nevertheless adequate, summary of two "systems" regarded as typical.

The text carries us on to strategy and to the subjects of Infantry, Cavalry, and Artillery, and the auxiliary services, among which very properly the author places aerial reconnaissance. If we have any fault to find with these chapters, it is that they are, if anything, too untechnical; for example, under infantry, some description of the magazine rifle might well have been given, and so of the shrapnel under artillery; pictures of Germans under cover, of Highlanders in a skirmish line, could have given way, if necessary, to diagrams of the essentials just mentioned. Illustrations of technical equipment are not lacking, but they are chiefly of novelties, such as, for example, the Loiseau mount for an aeroplane gun. In general, however, a good selection of illustrations has been made, but we must remark on the omission of cavalry and field artillery from the list. A chapter on Security and Information leads the way to the "combined arms in action," in which the substance of the preceding pages is, as it were, quickened into life, and we follow the operations of a division from the moment it leaves camp until success crowns its efforts. The choice of so small a unit to illustrate principles is wise: a larger unit might have obscured the end sought. Against this little book, no charge of militarism can lie; in spirit it is almost as free from any such coloring as though it were describing the march of the Ten Thousand. And yet it deals with a subject of which no considerable nation can afford to be ignorant; a national realization of the meaning of its title implies some realization of the effort demanded by modern war.

Some errors ought to be corrected: Von Moltke never was Minister of War (pp. 44-75); on page 49, the entire field artillery of the German army has been omitted from the list of men furloughed after two and three years' service, respectively; the 150 (p. 82) railway trains needed to move a corps become 160 on page 92; the 10 for a regiment of infantry (p. 83) grow to 12 on page 94. The incorrect total given as the peace strength of the British army (p. 62) has been inadvertently taken from page 69, where the numbers are correct. The assertion (p. 233) that "the signal corps of an army . . . is charged with the maintenance of communication between the various units" is true enough if by "signal corps" is meant technical troops, usually engineers. Otherwise the statement is true only of our own army.

It is desirable to distinguish between some things in Horace J. Bridges's "Criticisms of Life" (Houghton Mifflin; $1.50 net) which we like very much, and some things which seem rather muddled in thought and futile in purpose. To begin with the latter, it does not appear that Mr. Bridges, as a leader in the Ethical Society, has quite cleared up his position in relation to orthodox Christianity, or quite sees the difficulties of his own doctrine. His first essay, nominally on Thompson's "Hound of Heaven," is in reality a sermon on William James's "Varieties of Religious Experience," with the intention of showing that definite creeds are secondary, and that "the spiritual experience testified to in 'The Hound of Heaven' is possible to all men, whether they be Catholic, Jew, Buddhist, or Agnostic." There is a certain latitude in such a statement; it is likely that Huxley, for example, as the creator and type of agnosticism, would deny any such inclusion of his own sect with the Catholic. But let that pass. The similarity (we would not say identity) of religious experience is no doubt a psychological fact, and the aim of Mr. Bridges and his Society is to present this naked experience to the world, freed of extraneous myth and formula. It is a hope, noble in itself, that has often haunted the speculative mind. But we find a certain inconsistency in Mr. Bridges's attitude towards those who cling to what he would call the mythology of the church. On one page he makes Christianity the cause of the "all-prevailing illiteracy"

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which gives scope and power to pseudo-philosophers like Haeckel; and again he associates Haeckel with Augustine and Calvin (in itself a logical absurdity), and declares baldly that the Christianity of the Western world has always been "materialistic." So far we understand him, whether we approve or not. But how does he reconcile this position with the sentiment of his essay on Winston Churchill's "Inside of the Cup"? Here the early church is the patron of art, "the prophetic soul of the world dreaming on things to come," whose collapse is "the direct cause of the spiritual chaos which prevails in the world to-day." He is ready to justify Mr. Churchill's skeptical priest for abiding in the church, and regards the Ethical Society as only "the advanced party" in the movement which is working for religious unity.

It is not easy to see how Mr. Bridges would explain this discrepancy away, nor do we think he has really discerned the difficulty of giving wide and permanent efficiency to a worship which shakes itself free of the mythopoetic power of the imagination. But when he touches on questions of ethics or literature, he generally moves in a surer atmosphere. His respectful but crushing refutation of Ellen Key's theories of free love, his ridicule of Haeckel's absurd monism (which, indeed, scarcely needs to be ridiculed outside of the Rationalist Press Association to which Mr. Bridges belongs), his pricking of Sir Oliver Lodge's bubble-logic on immortality, his exposition of H. G. Wells's self-complacent shallowness, his meditations on the great deeds and words of Capt. Scott, his characterization of Maeterlinck's thought, at its best, as "but Emerson-and-water"—these and other things of his volume are soundly argued and handsomely written. And the spirit of the book is always good.

Whoever Mr. Edward Edgeworth, the author of "The Human German" (Dutton; $3 net), may be in the flesh, he is intellectually and spiritually the descendant of Heinrich Heine—that is to say, the Heine of the "Reisebilder," not of the "Buch der Lieder." There is some direct evidence in the book of his interest in Heine, but more important is the indirect testimony of his whole manner. The reader will discover the same wit and irreverence, the same worldly wisdom and cosmopolitan tolerance, the same fondness for epigram and paradox, and the same skilful skating around the skatological. Persiflage is the author's persistent note, and, being a fellow of infinite jest, he runs the gamut of fun from pungent irony to rollicking and very juvenile puns. If the *amari aliquid* of Heine is lacking, there is frequently a sub-acid flavor which the experienced palate will at once detect. Though Mr. Edgeworth is genial and indulgent by nature, a certain *malice* (in the French sense of the word) appears at times, as, for instance, when he insists upon coupling "the mentality of Helmholtz and the æsthetic sensibility of Kaiser William II." Like the good journalist that he is (note again the kinship with Heine, the super-journalist), he is acute rather than profound. His information about Germany is both wide and accurate; yet his book can hardly be called informational. The countless amusing side-lights never blend into a full picture; indeed, are not meant to do so. Therefore, he who expects a delineation of modern Germany or even of Berlin, the writer's focal point, will miss his account sadly.

Mr. Edgeworth merely endeavors in eighteen chapters to illumine the modern German from the point of view of the Nietzschean *Menschliches, Allzumenschliches.* Each chapter is devoted to a human somebody or something—maid-servant, bureaucrat, warrior, professor, Kaiser, world-city, state, etc. While all of these are abundantly entertaining in their several ways, the shrewdest judgments are perhaps to be found in the chapters on women and on the Emperor. The author tilts at the old and rather unwinsome German ideal of the Hausfrau, and avers that "domesticity is the cancer of love." At the same time, he notes the emergence of a new and, to him, more congenial type of woman. Of William II, whom he calls the "Kino-Kaiser," he has this to say:

> He is a foil to Germanism. Germany's plague is dull, full men. William II is neither dull nor full; he is bright and shallowly all-knowing. Germany is plagued with experts and specialists, who have studied it all their lives; but Wilhelm II has not studied it at all and his fulness of inspired error spurs dull men to motion. Germans are deeply ignorant in their knowledge, but Wilhem II is catholically, comprehensively, œcumenically learned in his ignorance.

All of this has to do with ante-bellum Germany, and, though there is one slight indication that the book was written, at least in part, after the outbreak of the war, the author, who proclaims himself British, has neither bias nor rancor. The book may be cheerfully recommended as summer reading of a diverting and not too exacting kind to all those who, weary as they may be of Germany's diplomacy and militarism, still retain an interest in the very human raw material out of which the mighty mechanism of that state is built. Some misprints have been noted: "haste" for "hate" (p. 225) completely spoils the sense of the passage; German words are irresponsibly spelled, which is a pity, for the author really knows the language; on the other hand, surely no mere printer is responsible for "pie" where "pi" is obviously meant (p. 275).

That economic cycles are caused by the cyclical movement of the rainfall is the thesis of Prof. H. L. Moore's book on "Economic Cycles" (*Macmillan*; $2). The steps in his argument are briefly as follows: The rainfall in the great cereal-producing States runs in two cycles—one of thirty-three years and one of eight years. The yield per acre of the more important crops is closely correlated with the rainfall. The increase in the yield causes an increasing demand for producers' goods, *e. g.*, pig iron, with a consequent increase in the prices of such goods. Conversely a decreasing yield causes a decreasing demand for such goods and a decrease in their prices. Professor Moore's thesis is by no means new. Jevons, in 1875, at the meeting of the British Association, presented a paper in which he showed that the price of wheat in England from 1259 to 1400 followed a cycle of eleven years. He suggested that this cycle was connected with the sun-spot cycle, and that economic cycles were in turn connected with variations in the price of wheat. This paper was not published in the transactions of the Association, because after further investigation Jevons was unable to find a periodicity in the price of wheat in modern times. In a second paper, published in 1878, he fell back on his well-known theory that the English economic cycle is caused by cyclical variations in the Indian crops. Several writers since Jevons have investigated the periodicity of yield of various crops, and others have studied the relation of the crop yield to general business activity. The novelty in Professor Moore's treatment of the subject is the use which he makes of statistical methods which have been developed within very recent years. These methods are peculiarly appropriate to the problem, and it seems clear that it is only by their use that any advance can be made in its solution. The available data are, however, by no means as extensive as is desirable for a final conclusion, but it can be safely said that Professor Moore has established a strong presumption that the rainfall cycle is at least an important cause of economic cycles.

Miss Freda Du Faur, the author of "The Conquest of Mount Cook and Other Climbs" (Scribner; $4.50 net), is a product of the Australian bush country, and her brief story of her childhood in the wilds starts the imagination off in the direction of Camilla, the wildwood Volscian maid of the Æneid. Fortunately, however, the spirit of Diana has drawn her into no more dangerous contests with men than those of muscle, nerve, and brain as applied to the challenging slopes and peaks of the New Zealand Mountains. According to her own belief, the mental temperament that conditions the successful mountaineer is a matter of birth, not of subsequent manufacture. Physical fitness she sought by the path of intelligent preparation, and certainly obtained. Her ascent of Mount Cook, 12,349 feet, broke the best of the few previous records by two hours' time, and her whole experience in New Zealand indicates that her vague ambition some day to try the higher and more difficult ascents of other lands is not unreasonable, so far as her own ability is concerned. She climbs with her eyes open, and, while she has no especially distinctive gift of style, her narrative is lucid and interesting. She does not deny a certain pride in showing that a woman can achieve feats of mountain-climbing worthy of admiration wholly apart from the fact of her sex, and yet the reader feels that her dominant motive is always a genuine love for the mountains in themselves. The volume should by all means have been provided with a good map or two. The reader cannot gather from the text the geographical relation of the mountains ascended to one another, and the maps ordinarily accessible give little aid. Miss Du Faur confesses herself not a photographer, and in photographic illustration the book comes far short of such a work, for instance, as Howard Palmer's volume on the Canadian Selkirks, reviewed in these pages some months ago.

A score of colleges and universities figure in "Representative Phi Beta Kappa Orations," a collection made for the United Chapters by Clark S. Northup, William C. Lane, and John C. Schwab (Houghton Mifflin; $3 net). The addresses included begin with The True Wealth or Weal of Nations, given by Horace Bushnell at Yale in 1837, and Emerson's The American Scholar, delivered at Harvard the same year, and end with Paul Shorey's The Unity of the Human Spirit, Oberlin, 1910. The special interests of scholarship are evident in most of the titles, but not in all, as Elisha Benjamin Andrews's The Social Plaint, New

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York Alumni, 1892, and Andrew Dickson White's Evolution vs. Revolution in Politics, which has the distinction of having been delivered thrice as a Phi Beta Kappa oration, not to speak of other occasions. In this latter respect, however, it does not approach George William Curtis's The American Doctrine of Liberty, which, spoken first as a Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard in 1862, was repeated forty times during the following year in New England, New York, and Pennsylvania. It is no depreciation of the value of the collection to say that its historic interest is perhaps as great as any other. Unlike most organizations, the Phi Beta Kappa can afford to take the risk of publishing twenty-six out of the hundreds of addresses made under its auspices in less than three-quarters of a century. There is a frontispiece from a crayon portrait of Emerson.

The discarding of formal rhetoric in college writing receives one more shove in Prof. Maurice Garland Fulton's "College Life: Its Conditions and Problems" (The Macmillan Company; $1.25). His volume, like Steeves and Ristine's "Representative Essays in Modern Thought" and Foerster, Manchester, and Young's "Essays for College Men," aims to present a selection of essays that will stimulate the college boy to think, after which it will be easy enough for him to present his thoughts in elegant form. But Professor Fulton has gone about the matter from a different conviction. He does not, however, specialize in literature as Professor Cady does in "A Freshman Course in English" or Professor Aydelotte in his system of correlation. An investigator of origins would at once point to the modest compilation of Professor Lockwood, "The Freshman and his College." That book was not, in conception, a basis for composition. With a wistful earnestness the editor endeavored to help the youth pass through his first year without ignorantly and idly wasting time and opportunity. But its usefulness in English classes was so obvious that it was soon found extremely practical. With the practical use directly in view, Professor Fulton holds that the boy is ignorant of the purposes of the college life and education upon which he has entered, and that he will find the most juicy mental pabulum in that circle of ideas. He has consequently, with a wider fling of the net than Professor Lockwood, drafted into his boat a large number of college presidents, from President Wilson down. They discourse on every phase of the youth's new environment, from "What is College For?" to "The Political Duties of the Citizen." At the close of each selection topics for discussion are suggested, and a large number of subjects for essays are grouped at the close of the book. No kind of opportunity is omitted to stimulate the freshman into some kind of reaction. But this latest product of the ferment that is leavening the teaching of English will interest not merely the undergraduate. Even those alumni long out of college and many persons who take a purely professional interest in education will pronounce dull few of the exceedingly various pages in this substantial volume.

"A Woman in the Sahara" (Stokes; $1.50 net), by Helen C. Gordon, has been unfortunately named, for its title inevitably suggests either the literature of feminism or the words of the Psalmist in affliction: "I am a pelican in the wilderness; I am an owl in the desert." Yet it is in reality an unassuming and spirited account of the author's experiences in some of the little-travelled districts of Northern Africa. With an artist friend, Miss Gordon passed a winter at the "Place of Happiness" (presumably Bou-Saâda, a favorite resort of artists), about one hundred and fifty miles southeast of Algiers. In the spring she went alone with her guide towards the south as far as Ghardaïa, visiting en route, or from there, the other confederated towns of the M'Zab, notably Lagouat and the Sacred City, Beni-Isguen. In the summer she took her way to the north, to the Zaccar Mountains, where she stayed for some time at Miliana, southwest of Algiers, and afterwards went to Michelet, in the Great Kabylia. In the autumn she went from Michelet by way of Maillot and Sétif to Constantine, and from there she took the difficult and fatiguing journey to El-Oued, the capital of the northern offshoot of the eastern Sahara, known as the Souf. Here we leave her, riding among the sand dunes on her way back to El-Oued, after a visit to the neighboring oasis of Guémar. This itinerary, which involves journeys of wearisome length and transportation by varied means of conveyance, ranging in swiftness from automobiles to mules, the author pursues with the zest of an intrepid traveller, but she never tinges her narrative with startling sensationalism, and, considering that she was performing a highly unusual adventure in travelling as a lone woman in the regions where she elected to go, she is delightfully free from the self-consciousness that too often mars similar books of travel. This, however, should hardly be classed as an ordinary book of travel. It does not pretend to be a systematic or instructive account of the author's wanderings; it is merely a series of informal and pleasantly written sketches of the places, the scenery, the people, the customs, the superstitions of a land still primitive and comparatively little worn by the feet of tourists. The book contains many errors, which should doubtless be laid at the door of the proofreader. Such, for example, are *première danseuse* (p. 226), bye your leave (p. 83), and 1913, an evident error for 1912, on page 17. Let us hope, too, that the proofreader is responsible for the new version of Gray that we meet in the first paragraph of the book, "far from the *maddening* crowd," and for the transformation of our old friend, *facilis descensus Averni* into *facili decensus Avernus*, which comes upon us with a shock on page 128. Throughout there is great inconsistency in the italicizing of foreign words. There is a glossary of the many Arab words in the text, and the meaning of each word is usually (but not always) given in a footnote to the page on which it occurs for the first time. This arrangement, which at first sight makes the glossary appear a needless duplication of labor, in reality adds somewhat to the convenience of the reader, though, unfortunately, it is not complete (see *eûcha*, p. 80; *basours*, p. 91). We should like, also, translations for the formulas of good-bye given on p. 41. There are a few instances where the definitions are not beyond criticism; for instance, "the national dish" is no more sufficient as a definition of *couscous* than it would be of *porridge* in a book about Scotland, or of *bouillabaisse* in a book on Provence. The volume has a frontispiece in color and sixteen rather attractive monotone illustrations from photographs.

We are watching the throes of the latest convulsions in eastern Europe; in "The Life of Saint Severinus by Eugippius," translated into English for the first time, with notes, by George W. Robinson (Cambridge: Harvard University Press), we have the simple story of a witness to the Germanic cataclysm which closed the Roman epoch in Austria 1,400 years ago. Some time between Attila's invasion and the fateful date of 476, a missionary named Severinus came to the Roman outposts near the Vienna of to-day, and so identified himself with Austrian Christianity that he became a patron saint of the Dual Monarchy. An ascetic who went barefoot the whole year through, he was nevertheless so liberal and practical that he kept on good terms with the heretic invaders, won many who were heathen or Arian over to orthodoxy, and either cheered up his fellow-Romans in their hopeless resistance, or gave them the sensible advice to retire while there was yet time. One of his enthusiastic pupils, Eugippius, felt that the record of such a life should be preserved; and as his account, however credulous, is our only ray of light in a dark but important period, we feel indebted to Mr. Robinson for this scholarly and trustworthy translation. Mommsen gave us an excellent Latin text, in the valuable collection (not so well known in our universities as it should be) of the "Scriptores Rerum Germanicarum in Usum Scholarum"; the reviewer has found this and other volumes of the series, notably Einhard's Life of Charlemagne, relished by college students. Mr. Robinson bases his translation on this text, incorporates in his excellent notes the discoveries of numerous German scholars, and adds some acute observations of his own; in fact, he has on several occasions to correct the Cambridge Mediæval History, Bury, or Pflugk-Harttung. The translation is no easy task; but though it is occasionally awkward, it is faithful. He includes the letters to and from Paschasius, and the hymn on Severinus (text and translation), which is probably not much later than the saint's time. There is a full bibliography and an excellent index; the book is admirably printed. In an era when modern pedagogy is filling our colleges with teachers of history who can neither read Latin nor write English, it is a relief to pick up Mr. Robinson's solid achievement.

Of English translations of "Beowulf" there must now be little short of a score. The most recent is in verse, by John R. Clark Hall (Cambridge University Press; 65 cents net), whose prose version, particularly by virtue of its illustrative matter, has for a dozen years been indispensable. The present rendering adheres closely to no single text, but finds its account where it can over the whole range of modern interpretation. In style it is faithful and, except in a very few cases, eschews archaisms. The line generally shows four beats, but no attempt is made to reproduce the alliteration. The rhythm that seems to prevail is "Then the powerful sprite who abode in the gloom," which, in spite of trochaic substitutions and feminine endings, grows a little monotonous; to vary it short paragraphs like the following are from time to time introduced:

soon was ready,
fierce and raging;
henchmen thirty;
home, rejoicing

The wight of ruin
grim and greedy
took while resting
then departed
in his booty. . . .

A sound but not a distinguished performance.

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Science

HYDRAULIC ENGINEERING.

The Control of Water as Applied to Irrigation, Power, and Town Water Supply Purposes. By Philip A. Morley Parker. New York: D. Van Nostrand Co. $5 net.

The title of this book is somewhat out of the ordinary as indicating to a large extent at least a treatise on hydraulics. It is not, however, a misnomer, for hydraulic engineering is nothing if not the science and art of controlling water for definite engineering purposes. The author does not establish the fundamental formulæ of hydraulics. Indeed, he states frankly in his preface that "this book is essentially the product of actual engineering experience. . . . It must, therefore, be regarded not as a textbook, but rather as a manual for engineers in active work." Nevertheless, it is a work of wide scope, covering in a reasonable manner a number of the most important fields occupied by the civil engineer engaged in hydraulic practice.

There lies at the very foundation of hydraulic investigation the necessity for reasonably accurate means of gauging the flow of water in streams or other channels. This may be accomplished by accurately formed weirs or notches or, in the case of natural streams, such as the largest rivers, by the employment of a great variety of means. The last vary from the simple surface float, giving only the surface velocity, and the immersed rod, giving a sort of average velocity in a limited vertical line, to such a mechanism, on the one hand, as the sensitive current meter which measures the velocity of water at a single point, and, on the other, the Venturi meter, which gauges the entire discharge of a pipe, large or small. There have been, as might be expected, many differences of opinion in regard to the degree of accuracy attainable by these various means, and the author does not hesitate to add his expression to those of others. He states in his preface and indicates elsewhere his disbelief in the supposed law on which such standard and long-used weir formulæ as those of Francis and Bazin are based. At the same time he uses these formulæ, as do all hydraulic engineers, for the simple reason that there are no others available.

There is also included the method of chemical gauging, the latest procedure employed for measuring the flow of water in a channel. This interesting process consists of injecting continuously in the stream a chemical at a uniform known rate. This chemical, such as salt, will produce a solution of intensity or strength depending upon the volume of water which receives it. A calculation, therefore, of the amount of the chemical in a given volume of the solution will at once determine the relation between the volume or weight of the chemical itself and the volume of the water throughout which it is distributed, the latter being the volume of flow of the stream or channel for the time during which the chemical was injected.

One of the most important subjects with which an engineer has to deal in the general control of water for a great variety of objects is the rainfall on and run-off from a given territory. The proper treatment of all engineering questions of this kind requires the accumulation of rainfall and related data for the district in question covering the longest practical period of years. All this requires an extended series of observations with rain gauges, and proper gauges suittably placed to determine the convenient flow of streams from one season to another, covering years of both low and high rainfall. The discharge or run-off of a stream is affected not only by the amount of rainfall or precipitation on the area which feeds it, but also by the character of the sub-surface material which affects the ground storage. Where the sub-surface material is relatively open, like sand or gravel, large quantities may be stored during and after a rainfall, which prevents large and rapid flood discharges of streams; whereas in a district of close, clayey material or with big areas of exposed rock the streams will be subjected to large and rapid flood discharges. Furthermore, the volume of water available for a given drainage area will depend materially upon the evaporation, which is generally far greater than is commonly supposed.

All these elements of the general conservation and use of water naturally vary somewhat in different countries and climates, and the author's discussion covers data both from British countries and from the United States. It includes also the loss due to absorption in the growth of vegetation, which in some localities should not be ignored.

After devoting one chapter of the book to the important question of floods and their control, the author turns to an extended consideration of the construction of dams, especially of masonry dams. The design and construction of these has been brought to a state of excellence attested by such structures as the new Croton Dam and the Ashokan Dam in the water supply system of New York city, which are among the largest structures of their kind ever built. The author's treatment of this class of structures includes the most modern theories. Indeed, he sets forth the rather startling views of the English engineers, Pearson and Atcherley, especially the latter, who about ten years ago reopened some questions regarding the stresses of dams which engineers in general had accepted as closed and who asserted that masonry in some parts of dams as at present designed is subjected to tension. These views have been discussed and apparently credited by a considerable number of engineers. Although the author does not accept them in their entirety, he gives them a well-considered and comprehensive discussion based upon existing successful structures, but calls attention to the relation of these theories to the failure of other structures.

The section of this book devoted to irrigation of arid and semi-arid districts is necessarily large. Although the considerations set forth are devoted more specifically to Egyptian and Indian experiences than to American, the data recorded are based to a considerable extent on American practice. It is interesting to note that irrigation channels, including both the main and branch ditches, exhibit a system of streams along the side hills and ridges of the irrigated district which is precisely opposite to that of the drainage streams of the same area, the latter naturally running along the lowest lines of the valleys. In other portions of this comprehensive work questions connected with town water supply, movable dams for canalized rivers and other purposes, hydraulic machinery, including turbines and centrifugal pumps, as well as concrete, hydraulic, and other constructions, are treated with equal thoroughness and fulness of detail.

The fundamental laws of hydraulics and the abundant mathematical analysis required in the application of those laws to engineering problems have long been given by mechanicians and engineers. Any really new developments of an analytical character, therefore, are likely to be realized but slowly. There is, however, a large field of engineering practice in which the general laws and principles so long established find new applications and take their place among the essential features of quantitative results of engineering practice. This book is a well-considered and carefully written volume of the latter character, and will undoubtedly take its place among the more important recent works in hydraulic engineering.

It is a question whether many of the recent textbooks on economic or commercial geography should not be called geographical economics. One of the latest is "Economic Geography," by John McFarlane, of the University of Manchester (Macmillan; $2.25 net), where economics naturally has more attention than geography. True, it gives greater attention to "natural regions" than many books of its class, but like most of its predecessors it gives little space to their description; so little, indeed, that students who have not already learned their natural regions can get only an elementary knowledge of them here; that is, however, no great drawback to the use of the book, because in the economic pages that follow only an inconsiderable knowledge of geography is demanded. The introduction of these brief geographical descriptions is geographically a disadvantage, because it will suggest that such a book may be used by students who have no other knowledge of geography than the little which they may here add to the little they bring from early schooldays. Much more space is given, properly enough, in a book of this kind, to products than to the lands that produce them, and for that reason the volume might fittingly bear the title, "Geographical Economics." The book is a good one of its kind; but if its kind is really to be geographical, a stronger geographical foundation should be provided for it. It has eighteen outline maps, a three-page list of "works consulted," and a thirty-page index.

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Drama and Music

THE REPERTORY THEATRES — TWO PREPOSTEROUS WAR PLAYS.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

LONDON, June 10.

When the theatrical history of our time comes to be written, it will probably be recognized that the great movement of the past fifteen years has been the decentralization of the drama. The repertory theatres of the provinces have been but struggling efforts financially, but wherever they have been established they have set free the dramatic impulse of the locality in a remarkable fashion. Twenty years ago, even after the dramatic revival had unmistakably set in, we were all complaining that the British drama was a London drawing-room drama and nothing else. One would have supposed that, for theatrical purposes, the whole of England was summed up in its peerage and baronetage, and that the middle and lower classes had no more drama in their lives than the beasts that perish. The dramatist, in Gilbertian phrase, took no notice of any one beneath the rank of a stock broker. The life of workingmen, of provincial cities, and of the rural districts was left contemptuously to the cheap melodramatist. Now what a change of scene! We have Irish drama, Scotch drama, Welsh drama, Manchester and Liverpool drama; and if Ireland alone has produced anything great and original, all the other localities have at least brought to the study of their own conditions and character an intelligence and technical skill which, a quarter of a century ago, it would have been hard to find among the three or four leading dramatists of the London stage. It should be noted that this is something quite different from a mere reversion to the old "stock company" system. The stock companies which flourished down to 1870 or thereabouts were valuable schools of acting, but they did scarcely anything in the way of developing local authorship. They were as dependent upon London for their material as are the "touring combinations" of our own day.

These reflections are suggested by the visit to London of the Irish Players, of the Liverpool Commonwealth Company, and of Mr. Milton Rosmer's company, an offshoot (more or less) of Miss Horniman's Manchester Repertory Company. The most interesting of these, for the moment, is the second in order. When the war broke out, the Liverpool Repertory Theatre, always rather a struggling institution, was on the point of throwing up the sponge, when two actresses, Miss Madge McIntosh and Miss Estelle Winwood, conceived the idea of reorganizing the company on the old theatrical system of the "commonwealth"—the system of Shakespeare's theatre and of the Comédie Française. The actors and staff of the theatre all came in on half salaries, and were entitled to share proportionately in the profits after all expenses had been paid. It happened that Miss McIntosh was a capital organizer and producer, and the company has, in fact, been more successful under this system, during the past winter, than it ever had been before. They played Wilde, Shaw, Ibsen, Galsworthy, Hankin, Besier, Hubert Henry Davies, etc., as well as pieces by a couple of local playwrights. Among other things, they produced a delightfully witty "Revue of Revues" by a Liverpool author, Mr. Ronald Jeans. It was called "Hullo Repertory!" and was at once a burlesque of the great medleys known as "Revues" at the variety theatres, and a travesty of the chief plays of the company's own season. I saw it on its native heath, at Liverpool, and was delighted not only with its genuine wit, but with the excellent idea of proving, by means of a little gay banter, that the company did not take itself too seriously, but could do intelligent work without being pompously "high-browed."

The Commonwealth Company's visit to London was signalized by the production last week of a new play by Mr. Galsworthy, entitled "A Bit o' Love." It is a poignant little work, full of Mr. Galsworthy's intensely humanitarian spirit. It sins against the Aristotelian canon that the misfortunes of an entirely good man are no fit subject for tragedy; but then it does not profess to be tragedy; it is only a painful episode of Devonshire village life, which compensates for its pain by its underlying beauty and by its demonstration of the evils wrought by callous stupidity. Certainly it is impossible to find any *tragische Schuld* in the Rev. Michael Strangway, unless it be supersensitiveness and too hot an indignation against cruelty. He is a man with something of the St. Francis about him, which is entirely unappreciated by his Devonshire parishioners. With some he is unpopular because he protests against their treatment of animals—overworking horses, for instance, and caging larks. Others despise him as an ineffectual nincompoop; scarcely any one has real sympathy for him. The crisis comes when his adored wife, after living abroad all winter, returns only to tell him that she loves another man, to whom her heart had really been given before she made the mistake of marrying Strangway, and to implore him not to ruin the career of her lover by dragging him into a divorce suit. Unfortunately, this painful explanation between them is overheard by a malicious village girl, and presently the whole countryside rings with the scandal. The curate, in consenting not to punish his runaway wife, is held to be condoning sin and failing to play the part of a man. His parishioners gather in the churchyard and hoot and hiss him after evening service, and he is almost driven to suicide, when his hand is stayed by a charmingly conceived little incident, and he determines to go on living in and loving a world which has only resentment for his love and pity for it. Though certainly gloomy in the main, the play is lightened by many delectable touches of rustic character, and there is a scene of a village meeting, paralyzed by its notions of parliamentary procedure, which is a bit of pure humor.

Mr. Milton Rosmer's company, above mentioned, has given us a new comedy, "The Hillarys," left unfinished by the late Stanley Houghton (author of "Hindle Wakes") and finished by another Manchester playwright, Mr. Harold Brighouse. It is a pure comedy of a quite unpretending kind, but saved from triviality by its clever character-drawing and the vivacity, without artificiality, of its dialogue. Its theme is a little like that which "Robert Browning, writer of plays," considered "a subject made to his hand"; but it is treated in an entirely un-Browningesque spirit. The boy heir to an ancient baronetcy falls in love with his sister's governess; his uncle, an amiably cynical man-about-town, is called in to free him from the toils of the supposed adventuress by proving her worthless; but the Don Juan is himself enslaved, the uncle and nephew become bitter rivals, and in the end the governess, who happens to be a young woman of great good sense and dignity, declines to marry either of them. I cannot but foresee a fourth act, a year or two later, in which she marries the uncle; but the ending Mr. Brighouse has chosen is doubtless the right ending for the moment, though I think he makes the lady misrepresent her motives. She declares, before going off, that she really loves the nephew; but I cannot believe that this was what Mr. Stanley Houghton intended to convey to us.

The Irish Players have given us (I think) only one novelty, "Shanwalla," by Lady Gregory. Shanwalla is a racehorse; two rustic villains succeed in hocussing it and throwing the guilt upon the trainer, and their plot is in the end baffled only by the intervention of the ghost of the trainer's young wife, who wanders around, unable to make her presence felt by any one but a blind beggar. There are touches in the play which remind one of "Peter Grim," but the whole thing is simple, primitive, unelaborated to an almost incredible degree. The helplessness, the disdain of anything like structure, which is a note of the Irish manner, is here carried altogether too far. There is no reason why a story, however simple, should not be told with some approach to art and with a reasonable eye to effect. Even the writing, though often imaginative and characteristic, seemed to me too obviously inspired by Synge.

Mr. Martin Harvey has produced, under the ominous title of "Armageddon," a "modern epic drama" by Mr. Stephen Phillips, which admirers of that poet—I can speak for one of them—will make all possible haste to forget. It is inspired, not by any high sense of the historic crisis, but simply by the common catchwords of the war. It

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does not stimulate thought or purify emotion, but merely gives violent utterance to the sentiments of the man in the street—just sentiments in many cases, but made no juster by being bellowed through a megaphone. The episodes are bracketed between a prologue and an epilogue in Hell. The prologue shows us Satan in council, on the Miltonic model, dispatching the spirit of Attila to earth to attempt a new conquest of the planet. Here and there Mr. Phillips hits upon a fine line in something like his old manner; but there is too much mere rant after this fashion (the speaker is Moloch):

Rise, Madness! Mother that didst bring me forth
In pangs before the making of the world,
While Famine, like a midwife, eased thy throes.
Arise now, Massacre! Thou favorite daughter,
Got in adultery 'neath a moody moon;
Awaken to the smell of infant-blood!
What matter now the cause so ye be loosed?
Here have I space at last and boundless field!

What good purpose can be served by this sort of thing it is impossible to divine. Equally unfathomable is the reason why Famine should ease the throes of Madness; while the idea of Moloch braving the danger of the divorce court and begetting Massacre, in defiance of the prayer-book, is surely as nice a piece of bathos as was ever perpetrated. Since when has the sacrament of marriage been acknowledged in Hell?

The first of the episodes shows us (of course) the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, in spite of the pleadings of a saintly abbé, with many other horrors of war. It ends with the instant and painless annihilation of a roomful of German officers by a French asphyxiating shell—an incident which, if it were not melodramatic nonsense, would justify the German contention that the French led the way in the use of poisonous gases. Then we have a scene in which the death of an officer at the front is announced to his lady mother and his betrothed—a scene as unreal in form as it is painfully, intolerably real in every-day fact. It seems inconceivable that any one should want to make cheap theatrical sentiment of the bleeding wounds of ten thousand hearts and the agonized apprehensions of ten thousand more. Then we have a farcical scene in Wolff's Bureau—though the memory of our own "Russian" myth might have tempered Mr. Phillips's scorn for people who feed themselves with lies. And, finally, there is a scene at Cologne, which is saved from the fury of the Allied armies by the intervention of a vision of Joan of Arc. This is, in itself, the most sensible and dramatic scene in the piece. One might even take some pleasure in it if the Allied armies were a little nearer Cologne.

Another preposterous war play is Mr. C. B. Fernald's "The Day Before the Day" at the St. James's. It deals with the doings of a gang of Prussian spies whose business it is to deceive the British fleet as to the intended locality of a raid upon the British coast. Like all plays of its class, it attributes to the German spy a weird mixture of miraculous cleverness and childish imbecility. I fear that the popular imagination even of wartime is not credulous enough to make the play a success.

A piano teacher who does not think he knows better how things should be played than the great pianists do is somewhat of a curiosity. Charles W. Wilkinson is such a teacher. He has heard the principal pianists, from Rubinstein to the present day, and what he has learned from them he has embodied with his own ideas on interpretation in a book which must be highly commended to all students of the piano: "Well-Known Piano Solos: How to Play Them with Understanding, Expression, and Effect" (Charles Scribner's Sons). In a compass of 288 pages the author considers 110 pieces, among them such favorites as Paderewski's Minuet, Rubinstein's Melody in F, Grieg's "Wedding Day at Troldhaugen," Rachmaninoff's popular Prelude, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," Liszt's "Waldesrauschen," MacDowell's "To the Sea," pieces by Chopin, some of Beethoven's sonatas, and so on, all the music chosen being good as well as popular. One wonders that no one had thought of writing such a book before, and one feels glad that the task fell into the hands of a teacher whose good taste and catholicity equal his knowledge and his skill in imparting it in a telling way.

Art

A book of ready reference, designed "to tell the reader what he wishes to know and *all* that he needs to know in order to identify and classify any piece of period furniture, whether original or a reproduction," is "The Practical Book of Period Furniture" (Lippincott; $5 net). The authors, Harold D. Eberlein and Abbot McClure, are frequent contributors to journals of architecture and home decoration. Without adding much to the total of knowledge concerning English, French, and early American furniture (for they freely acknowledge their evident indebtedness to Lockwood, Cescinsky, Macquoid, and Foley), they have written a comprehensive, accurate, and readable volume. An illustrated chronological key, to aid "in identifying the period of any particular piece of furniture," should be valuable to amateur collectors. Tolerant of all the styles extant before the great decadence of the middle nineteenth century, the writers say a good word even for "American Empire." "Under one phase or another," they indicate, regarding the vogue of a manner derived from the French, "the fashion lasted until about the middle of the century, but its last decadent stages, dating from a time when all artistic appreciation was sinking to its lowest ebb, were clumsy and graceless in the extreme, with large vulgar and meaningless scrolls highly suggestive of the convolutions of fat, squirming earthworms. The bulk of the Empire furniture that came between these two extremes had much to commend it. Though there was no longer the airy lightness of the painted satinwood creations of an earlier style and the brilliancy of finely grained, light-colored veneer, there was a good deal by way of compensation. The rich coloring of the mahogany that was almost invariably used, relieved by the brass mounts and occasional brass banding or gilded carving, made a most impressive and agreeable contrast. Not a little of the carving was vigorous in conception and excellent in execution."

The book loses its catholicity as it comes down to recent fashions. The rôle of the furniture designer, henceforth, it would appear, is to reproduce, not to invent. We learn that "the decorative bent of our day demands good reproductions. This is true because there are no worthy new styles that can at all fill their place." Here are particulars: "Some depressing new styles have, indeed, been concocted from time to time, as the result of conscious effort, but they are stilted and affected and are evidently the product of a tenuous invention painfully striving for something it could not attain. There was, for instance, the Eastlake mode of Victorian days, there were the various manifestations of the *art nouveau*, with its grotesque and tortured forms; nearer our own day there is the Mission style, and several others might be added—all of them so awkward, self-conscious, and so evidently betokening origin from a diseased and wofully jejune imagination that we naturally feel disposed to mistrust the latest phase of style creation evidenced in the tendencies of the Vienna school." It may be questioned if this repressive attitude cannot be held too tenaciously and if the newer needs of business and domestic life do not justify serious and well tempered efforts to invent suitable new modes in furniture as well as in architecture.

The title of "Pottery, for Artists, Craftsmen, and Teachers," by George J. Cox (Macmillan Company; $1.25), accurately indicates the field of usefulness of an explicit little manual. It is not a book for the general reader, though the introductory Historical Summary contains information that is universally interesting. The author, who is instructor in pottery and modelling at Teachers College, Columbia University, imparts much technical lore in a small compass: on the working of clays and pastes; building shapes by hand and on the wheel; moulding, casting, and pressing; jigger and jolley work; tile-making; glazes and lustres; modelling and glazing of figurines; construction and management of kilns, and other similar topics. The various operations are illustrated with Mr. Cox's pen drawings, made and hand-lettered in the rather black manner of the English "arts and crafts" school—a mode which the printer has more or less successfully followed in the style of his type printed on a coarse buff stock. The influence of William Morris and Fabian socialism is observed whenever the author generalizes concerning the present situation in the pottery trade. He is hopeful. Since the "eighties" the craft, he believes, has shown "signs of a renaissance in æsthetics." A further awakening may be predicted. "Tradition, except the traditions of flawless glazes, certain soulless results, and commercial cheese-paring, seems dead, perhaps, but it will surely come to life again. To see the potter 'thumping his wet clay,' and seated at the wheel of ancient lineage, conjuring forth a wealth of gracious shapes, is to renew one's faith in the ultimate survival of simple, honest handicraft even in this machine-ridden age. Masterpieces were never conceived in factories, and

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when we make pots primarily for love of them, not to sell them, we shall begin to beat back the manufacturer of debauched 'art' pots into that domestic and hygienic realm wherein his efforts are particularly admirable and effective. A craft that teems with such an endless variety of beautiful objects for such countless uses can never remain for all time a hand-maiden of commerce."

Finance

MARKETS AND THE BRITISH WAR LOAN.

The first comment of the financial markets, after Great Britain had announced its new $1,250,000,000 war loan with an interest rate of 4½ per cent., was that this meant formal recognition of a rise in the price of capital, and that therefore all other new securities issued anywhere must pay a higher rate of interest than before, and that prices of all outstanding bonds ought logically to decline. The next comment was, that the economic strain on Europe must be approaching unbearable severity.

Undoubtedly, the terms of the loan denote a rise in the price of capital. Those terms are more unfavorable to the British Government than any which that Government has accepted in a hundred years. In November, when the first British loan of the present war was made, a price of 95 was fixed for 3½ per cents; making the net yield, allowing for redemption at par in 1928, about 4 per cent. The last previous occasion of extensive "war borrowing" by England was during the Boer War. In March, 1900, a special issue of £30,000,000 "war stock," bearing 2¾ per cent. interest and maturing in 1910, was sold at 98½. In April, 1901, £60,000,000 of 2¾ per cent. consols were sold at 94½; again, a year later, $32,000,000 of the 2¾ per cents were sold at 93½. During the Crimean War, England's debt was increased by £30,000,000, but borrowing was then effected when the open market was offering a price averaging 90 for 3 per cent. consols. To encounter a rate equivalent to the present 4½ per cent., one would have to go back to 1815.

It might be inferred, then, that the rate of interest on all other new securities must be raised, and (what is really the same thing) that the price of all other outstanding bonds must fall. But this does not follow. The Exchequer has made no new discovery. France has been selling Government bonds on a 5½ per cent. basis; Germany at nearly as high a rate. New York city this week issued 4½ per cent. bonds, but whereas the British Government has offered the same security at par, an appreciably higher price was received at the public offering of the New York loan on Tuesday. Except for the fact that England is engaged in an immensely expensive war, the higher price for bonds of an American city would be absurd. The truth is, that the market for Europe's war loans is governed by conditions peculiar to itself.

This consideration leads to the second question—how long can such borrowing as this of England's continue? The British funded debt, when the new $1,250,000,000 loan is floated, will be double what it was last July. Germany has nearly trebled her Imperial funded debt by the two billion-dollar war loans; the $1,400,000,000 war borrowings of France have increased her already huge public debt by 50 per cent. Can this sort of thing go on indefinitely?

The only answer possible to make is, that the same question has been asked on previous similar occasions, when the result proved that such borrowings could go on. In the earlier part of the war with France, between 1793 and 1801, England borrowed $1,672,000,000—a prodigious sum in those days—and had eventually to sell its bonds at such a discount that the cash proceeds of the above total issue were barely $1,000,000,000. Yet $1,500,000,000 more were sold in the next dozen years, and not, as a rule, at any worse prices.

Other governments have had the same experience. In 1862, after a year of war loans in unheard-of sums, Secretary Chase believed himself to have discovered that United States bonds "could not be disposed of to capitalists in amounts sufficient for prompt payment of the army and navy"—the language is from an official Treasury report. He employed Jay Cooke as the Treasury's "general agent," allowed him a commission, and set him at work with an army of 2,500 canvassers. The Secretary declared to Congress:

> Under this plan, bonds to the amount of nearly $400,000,000, in denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1,000, were distributed throughout the whole country not controlled by the rebellion, and among all classes of our countrymen.

Later in the war, the same energetic agent sold $830,000,000 more United States bonds in a similar way, and within four months. Before Cooke tried his experiment, nobody imagined that any such sum of available money existed in such quarters.

This is the kind of achievement which England apparently means to try, in the new plan for offering the 4½ per cents at every post office, in denominations as low as a $25 bond, and with the further privilege to the little investor of buying five-shilling interest-bearing "vouchers," and turning them into a 4½ per cent. bond when $25 worth have been purchased. It is impossible to say what the result of such an experiment, in so thrifty a community as Great Britain, may not accomplish.

No doubt, as the war goes on, we shall get many new impressions and learn many new lessons. But even regarding the strain on Europe, people who draw conclusions should make sure they understand what are the real resources of the world's capital in an emergency. Macaulay has a striking passage on the unfulfilled predictions of economic ruin to England, on each successive expansion of her public debt in war-time. It was easy to prove, at the end of the eighteenth century, that England could not possibly raise and spend on the war with France what she did raise and spend in the subsequent fifteen years. Any one who had predicted in 1861 our own Civil War loans of the next four years would have been laughed out of Wall Street. "Thinking in hundred millions" came into very practical fashion in America in 1901, exactly five years after the financial world had pronounced the country's financial capacities nearly exhausted. We are now beginning to learn how to think in thousands of millions.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Barney, J. S. L. P. M. The End of the Great War. Putnam. $1.35 net.
Bredenbek, M. The Ingrate. Cheston Publishing Company.
Lincoln, J. C. Thankful's Inheritance. Appleton. $1.35 net.
Lorimer, N. On Desert Altars. Brentano's. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Francke, K. A German-American's Confession of Faith. Huebsch. 50 cents net.
Routh, J. The Rise of Classical English Criticism. New Orleans: Tulane University Press.
White, B. Letters from Prison. Boston: Badger.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Clarke, J. C. C. The Making of Christianity. Alton, Ill.: G. P. Clarke.
Hodge, R. M. Historical Geography of Bible Lands. Scribner.
Kent, C. F., and Jenks, J. W. The Testing of a Nation's Ideals. Scribner.
Rhodes, F. A. The Next Generation. Boston: Badger. $1.50 net.
Sanders, F. K. How to Study the Old Testament. Scribner.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Ashworth, J. H. The Helper and American Trade Unions. Baltimore, Md.: Johns Hopkins Press.
Chesnais, P. G. La. Le Groupe Socialiste du Reichstag. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Dewey, J. German Philosophy and Politics. Holt. $1.25 net.
Savoy, I. G., and Teck, M. O. The A B C of Socialism. Boston: Badger. 50 cents net.
Thompson, W. S. Population: A Study in Malthusianism. Vol. LXIII. No. 3. Longmans, Green.
Tweedie, Mrs. Alec. Women the World Over. Doran. $3 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Alexinsky, G. La Russie et la Guerre. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Baty, T., and Morgan, J. H. War: Its Conduct and Legal Results. Dutton. $3.50 net.
Bédier, J. How Germany Seeks to Justify Her Atrocities. Paris, France: Librairie Armand Colin.
Cahall, R. DuB. The Sovereign Council of New France. Vol. LXV, No. 1. Longmans, Green.
Russell, E. B. The Review of American Colonial Legislation by the King in Council. Vol. LXIV: No. 2. Longmans, Green.
Stowell, E. C. The Diplomacy of the War of 1914. Houghton Mifflin. $5 net.
Thompson, C. M. Reconstruction in Georgia. Vol. LXIV, No. 1. Longmans, Green.

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Gorki, M. Submerged. Boston: Badger. 75 cents net.

Karr, L. Tesso and His Lute. Williams Booklet Company. 50 cents.

ART.

Neuhaus, E. The Art of the Exposition. Paul Elder.

JUVENILE.

Schnittkind, H. T. Alice and the Stork. Boston: Badger. 50 cents net.

TEXTBOOKS.

Allen, P. S., and Schoell, F. L. French Life. Holt.

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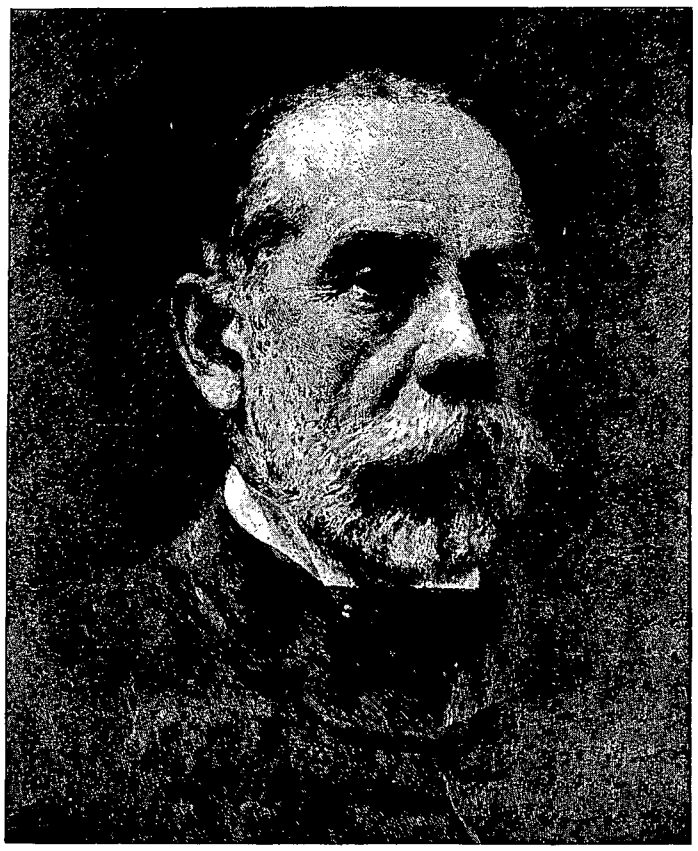

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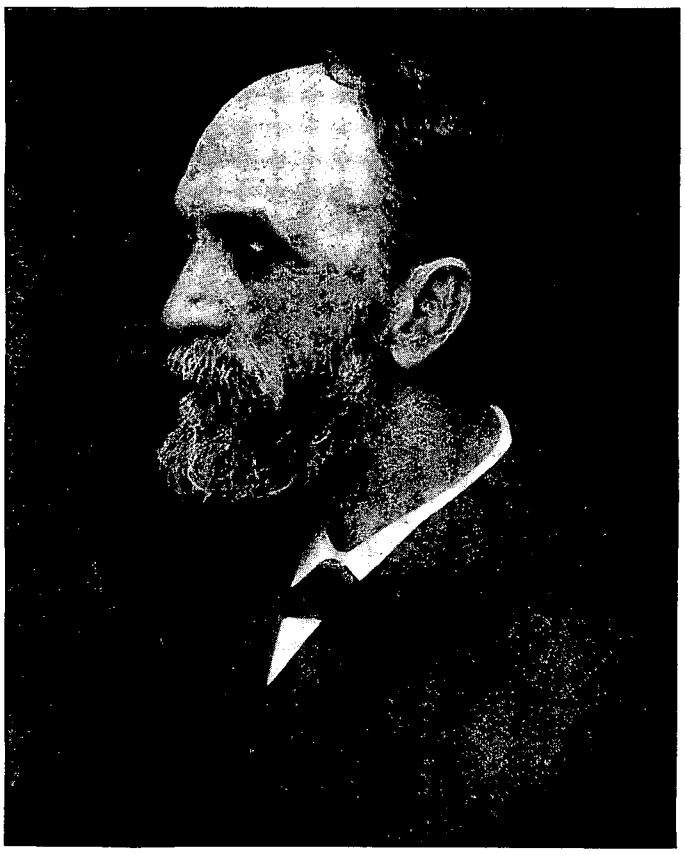

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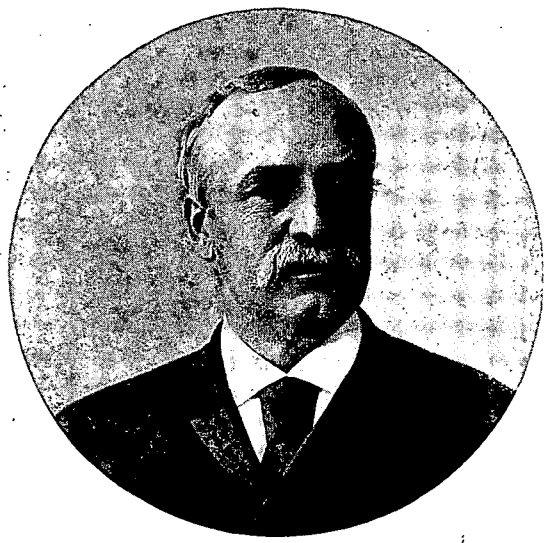

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